VOL. CCXIII, No. 2776

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THE SPHERE, APRIL 25, 1953
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The SPHERE

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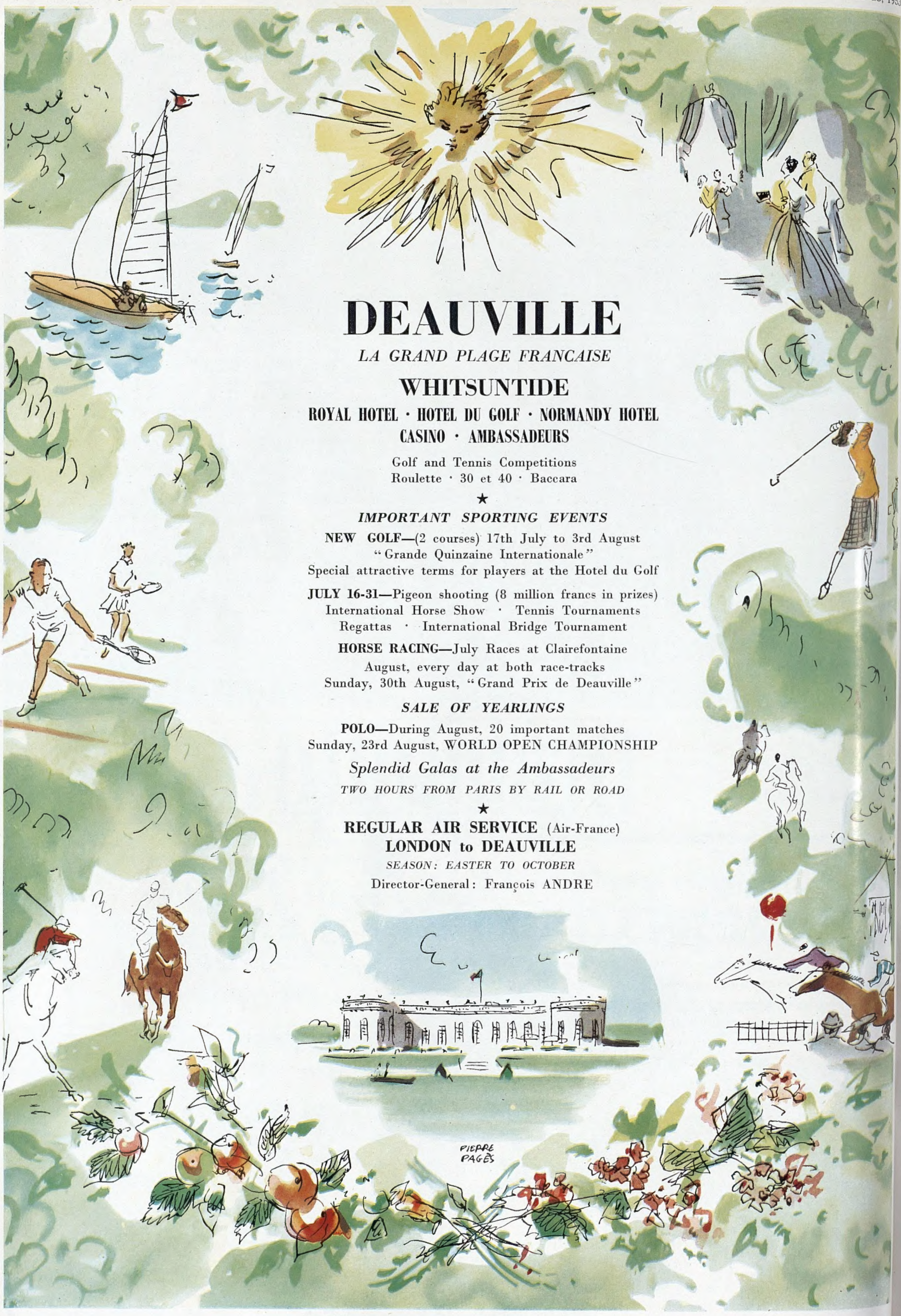

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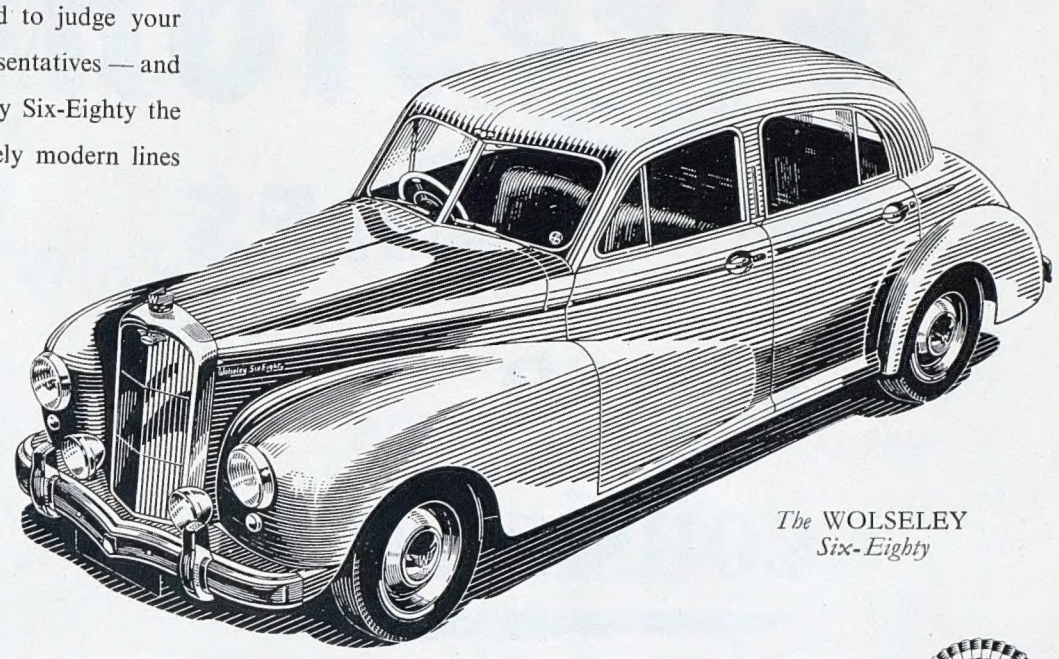

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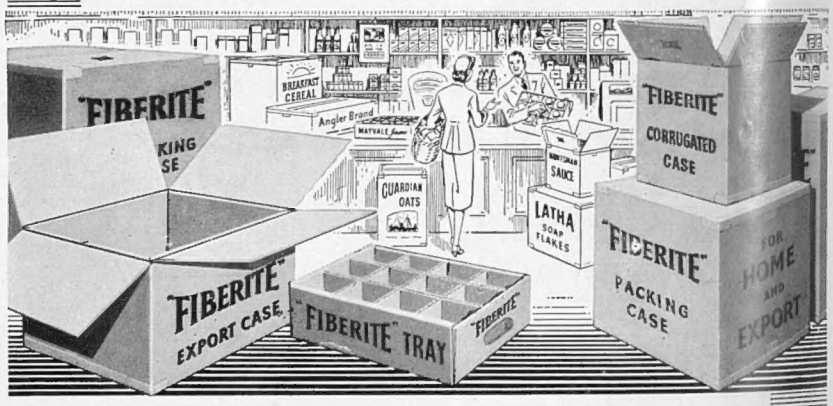

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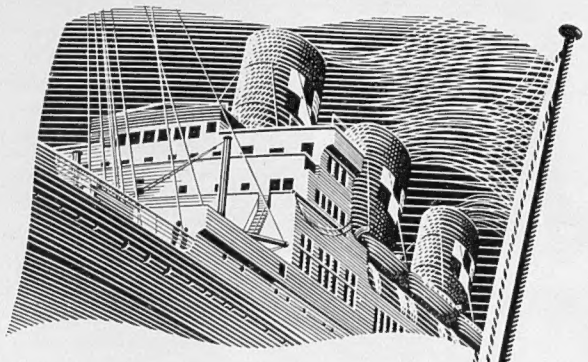

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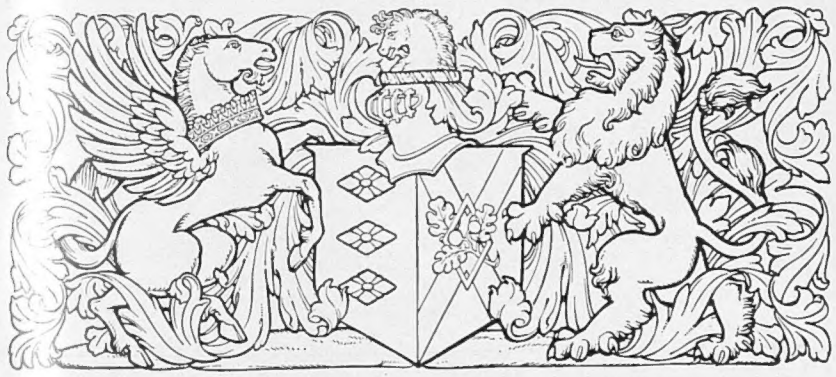

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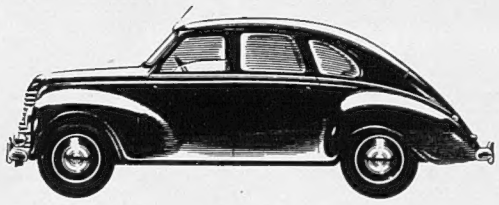

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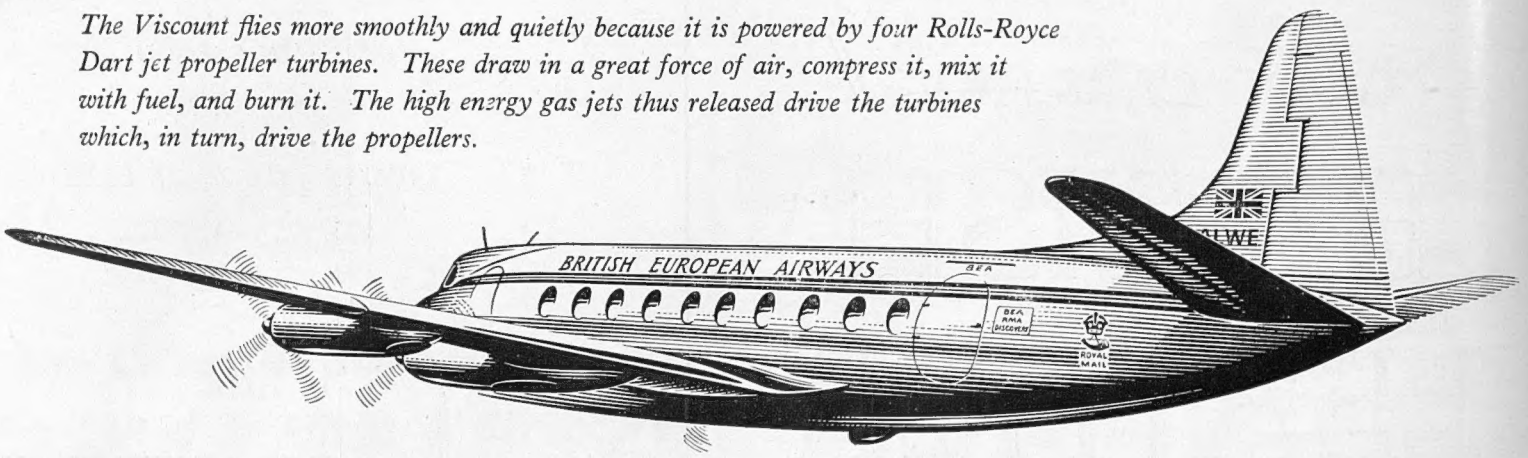

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Volume CCXIII No. 2776

The SPHERE, London, April 25, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE DANISH MAILBOAT CAPSIZES—THE 3,895-TON PASSENGER VESSEL "KRONPRINS FREDERIK," LYING ON HER SIDE AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH, AFTER A FIRE HAD RAGED WITHIN HER HULL LAST SUNDAY NIGHT AND SHE HAD TORN FREE FROM THE BERTH THAT HELD HER UP: Fire brigades came from all parts of Essex to fight the blaze, which broke out when the vessel's cargo of butter, cheese and fish was in process of being unloaded. At 5 a.m. on Monday morning the scarred ship slipped into the water of the River Stour and the quay was engulfed in steam, fumes and smoke.

Only a few months after the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Canada* capsized in Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, through the great weight of water that entered her hull from the fire hoses, an almost identical set of circumstances led to the capsizing of the Danish mailboat the *Kronprins Frederik*. The outbreak was discovered last Sunday night in the passenger accommodation by the second officer, who tried to beat out the flames with his hands. He was later taken to hospital. By 9 p.m. on Sunday night the message was relayed to Colchester that the fire had reached the oil fuel, and foam compound used to fight oil fires was hurried to the quayside from Colchester and Brentwood. For several hours 150 men, using fifteen fire pumps and special appliances, fought the blaze. In the early morning the *Kronprinz Frederik* broke free of her moorings and capsized. It was feared that little was left but a shell from bows to midships, and it was obvious that her salvage would be a major undertaking. A substitute vessel was at once put into service on the Harwich-Esbjerg route. The *Kronprins Frederik* made her maiden voyage in 1946. During the summer she makes four trips a week between Harwich and Esbjerg. (On page 161 a picture shows salvage operations on the *Empress of Canada* at Liverpool.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

WORKMEN CHEER A LONDON WEDDING

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DEBUTANTE FROM YORKSHIRE WEDS A GUARD'S OFFICER FROM MELBOURNE: Captain William A. Spowers, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Allan Spowers, of Toorak House, Melbourne, and his bride, Miss Antonia C. Aked, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. C. Aked, of Forest Manor, Knaresborough, seen with their attendants after the service at St. Margaret's, Westminster. As the bridal party left the church, workmen engaged in the erection of Coronation stands in the precincts of the Abbey waved to the newly-wedded couple.

KENT'S HOP-STRINGING COMPETITION

THE CHIEF STEWARD, MR. S. G. CALCUTT, ADDRESSES THE COMPETITORS AT SPITZBROOK, COLLIER STREET, FOR THE ANNUAL COMPETITION ORGANISED BY THE WEALD OF KENT PLOUGHING MATCH ASSOCIATION: The object of the competition, which is believed to be the only contest of its kind in the world, is to stimulate interest in the craft and to encourage ability in a skilled branch of agricultural work. The stringer's job is to prepare hop gardens for the next crop by putting up a complicated pattern of strings which the hops can climb.

THE "TUTTIMEN" PAY THEIR ANNUAL CALL

THE TRADITIONAL FESTIVAL OF HOCKTIDE AT HUNGERFORD, BERKSHIRE: A "Tuttiman" receives a kiss in lieu of a penny during the collection of tithes which in former days went to the Church. "Hocktide" falls a fortnight after Easter and the festival undoubtedly commemorates the granting by John of Gaunt of fishing rights in the River Kennet and the free use of some public land as a common, to which James II added further grants. The "Tuttimen," or tithing men, carry poles garnished with wild flowers and proceed to collect the toll of one penny per head from everyone in the town for the services they have rendered during the past twelve months. If the money is not paid the "Tuttimen" demand a kiss from every woman in the house.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

This year—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Budget.—I fancy the cynical aphorism "Hope is not taxed" derived from a hundred "Budget eves." For it is an old wisecrack and belongs to the days when our grandfathers cried havoc and ruin, if a penny on income tax brought the total up to the dreadful "shilling in the pound." Those were the days, no doubt, when the total estimated expenditure was about half what modern Chancellors dismiss as a "near miss" in exact budgeting. Of late years we have hardly hoped for a 6d. off, we have become used to our fetters and we ceased to comprehend the Chancellor's jugglings when they began to devise Budgets to yield £500,000,000 surpluses or perhaps £100,000,000 deficits. Budgeting ceased to be our "cup of tea"; we only knew it would be a strong and bitter brew that we should be forced to sip. This year, for no very obvious reasons, we obstinately decided to hope for a token cut, in a year when the visible signs were gloomier than usual, perhaps on the principle of the gambler who continues to back red after a continuous run of black. The luck *must* turn. Well . . . now, we've had it. Mr. Butler's lips have been unsealed, the prophets are licking their wounds, and you and I are doing our annual little sums to balance loss on the swings with gains on the roundabouts.

"What the Butler Saw." — What Mr. Butler saw, he saw through rose-coloured spectacles. He saw the whole nation responding by harder work to a little bit of encouragement and incentive to initiative. Sixpence off income tax. It's a gesture, at any rate, on the right side; thumbs up, not down. How shall we recognise the new boon? Suppose our life's savings bring us in £100 per annum gross. Instead of getting £52 10s. we shall now get £55 to chuck about. It would pay for a third-class return to some part of Yorkshire. But it means a boon of £25 to the £1,000 a year capitalist, and with the reduced purchase-tax he could buy with it quite an attractive gadget for his house. One must admit that "sixpence off" only begins to look like a chance for personal saving when it is raked off five-figure unearned incomes. And these are not as common as dirt even when "grossed-up." The super-tax man at that level will pay £100 less. But I write in no spirit of carping and disgust. On the contrary, I think Mr. Butler surprised me by his optimism and comforted me with his figures and facts. His Budget is neither Bleak House nor Do-the-boys Hall, nor Headlong Hall, nor Cold Comfort Farm. It is a house with a view and built on fairly substantial foundations . . . if only foreign dictators and party politics do not switch us back to the slippery slopes of bankruptcy in the near future. And I hope and believe that both those ugly possibilities are receding a little. Industry is given a real chance to modernise its plants and open out for business at home and abroad. The workers must benefit both directly in P.A.Y.E. and indirectly in the purchase-tax cuts. And Mr. Butler has remembered the driver of the quill and the county cricket treasurers. A *conservative* Budget; but was there ever a Conservative Budget so beautifully devised to spike the guns of left-wing criticism, so lucidly and so shortly presented, so full of hope and faith, so destitute of sting?

Korea Hopes.—The trembling hopes which raised their heads three weeks ago as a result of Kremlin gestures and actions seem nearer fulfilment in Korea than I thought possible a week or two ago. The Korean truce delegates conceded on April 10 in writing the only point which has so long held up the signing of an armistice. Already exchanged prisoners of war are on their way home. These things seem too good to be true. As a result, new hopes bob up and every sort of amelioration of world tension appears once more on the cards, from a restoration to U.N. of its true functions and usefulness, to a resumption of a four-Power meeting on German unification and even of discussion on world limitation of armaments. True, American official opinion on the inner meaning of the Russian and Chinese "conciliation offensive" is still fluid and suspicious, but world opinion is determined to nurse the flower of hope, and no Western statesman would dare to crush it down untimely. I have felt that the influence of the Kremlin gesture, if sustained, might well be world-wide, might modify the *hubris* of smaller nations in their nationalistic intransigence and even curb the demands of industrial groups in various countries against all reason and economic logic. So far that influence is still localised. Persia and Egypt show no sign of feeling it. Africa is *infelix* in all its quarters, and heady demands are made at holiday conferences of workers in many la *But* something definite, constructive and solid come of that Kremlin gesture already. Progress been more rapid in a matter of days than a short back in months or years, and we are entitled to on that this conversion will not quickly peter No doubt at all, it was based on a revaluation o pros and cons of Stalin's cold war and was laun with deliberation.

M.P.s' Salaries.—To judge by the custom (I won't say "sickening") technique, the taxpa public is now once more being insidiously prep for another decision by the law-makers to inc their own salaries. Our first reaction must be "*custodiet . . . ?*" And, as a rider, if the House we elect to curb expenditure and check incre wage demands, increases its own salaries at a like this, what hope of restraint from the "worker "Workers?" say the M.P.s; "Who works if not? £1,000 a year does not pay for our pos secretaries and stationery, let alone a lodging Westminster. We are killing ourselves by over and undernourishment, just as the ministers in do." It is a moving and not negligible plea. sorts of remedies are being proposed. Reduce number of M.P.s and pay them £2,000 a year. that goes back to Methuselah and 1830, when Birm ham was hardly represented. The modern M.P. siders that it is on all-fours with school-teach

LORD'S PREPARES FOR THE COMING CRICKET SEAS

THE NEW GARDEN IN WHICH VISITORS MAY WALK OR SIT DUR G THE CRI SEASON AT LORD'S: The garden has been made possible the demoli of the brick wall behind the mound near the Pavilion. art of the was once occupied by the gardens of the near-by houses wh were dam during the war. The name of the garden is expected to mmemorate Coronation. Near by is the new Memorial Gallery which s to be op by the Duke of Edinburgh during a visit to the grou d on Apri

His "classes" are already too large. He cannot "individual attention" to his boys an girls. Inc his allowances or make his screw t x-free. W not love such expedients, to judge by the ju proposals. And so on; but one remedy is not suggested—the remedy which lies with the taxp himself. For what purpose does his M.P. repre him? Is it to bring about certain reforms policies dear to the voter's heart by legislation, to act as a private agent to bring about by any every means some small individual benefit pec to the voter, to get his pension increased or other wangle him some amenity in his own backyard? M.P.s were not treated (with polite blackmail) privately paid and personal agent for each constitu his bill for stamps and secretaries and statio would be smaller, his anxieties less and his lab reduced. He could live on his present screw.

Remove that Bauble.—Very well. then do we (or some of us) continue to blackmail for our own ends instead of leaving him free to right the injustices of our little world and street calm-thinking legislation? Because, although a law-maker, his laws don't work. They don't partly because he wastes a great deal of his time Parliament not on "first things" but on trivial bickering and irrelevance. So it is that we still monstrous prices for filthy coal and essential arti of domestic use, still fail to secure foods which can supply at home, still find a redundant bureaucr mismanaging the pensions and other benefits we justly claim, still must kick our heels in the waiti rooms of our "patrons," crying out for justice human sympathy and efficient administration. *personally* bombard and blackmail him *person* because his claim to be a legislator is moonshine. laws he makes don't work, the laws he doesn't ma and ought to make, snowball. So we get at him the backstairs and use him as a private agent sti lated by kicks in the pants and polite threats

this is the best he can do as a law-maker, he might at least set us an example in the patient endurance of austerity which he for ever enjoins on us. We have good reason for the opinion that our parliamentary system could be improved. If our M.P.s vote themselves increased salaries this year or next, I think a majority of us would feel that to "remove the bauble" would be the best way to achieve improvement.

Dr. Joad.—There is nothing much sillier than the saying, if designed as an instruction, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Alive or dead, a man, if considered at all, should be considered objectively and impartially. He should be painted "with his warts," as honest and big men desire to be painted. That makes a live portrait valuable to historians and biographers. Our modern practice of summing up, flattering and appraising *living* men is dangerous, foolish and damnable; and the *nil nisi bonum* obituary is not less so. Dr. Joad, I will confess, caused me to hate the title of *Brains Trust*. I disliked his cock-sparrow assurance, his potted philosophy, his lightly-won popularity and reputation as a thinker in those earlier days. He had done very well at Oxford and began writing his little books while still an inconspicuous Civil Servant. He began to launch out as a philosopher at Birkbeck College, and his standpoint was agnostic. Humiliations came to him, as they come to all, and thereafter an innate honesty in the man began to appear in his writings. Much of his cheapjack arrogance and vanity faded out. Like St. Paul, he saw a light and heard a voice and perhaps found his true self. His later books, in which he sometimes ingenuously described his conversion to the Christian faith, were sincere and often pathetic. He was "popular" to the end, a master of the modern technique in popular philosophy and potted knowledge, a technique that I find irritating and suspect to be futile. He was genuine also in his love of the English countryside, and latterly, at any rate, did not approach this subject with the arrogance and mild scorn of the townsman who invests in a week-end cottage and immediately "knows all about it." In a word, he cured himself in the rough-and-tumble of life of arrogance and vanity, and his many innate qualities came out into the open.

"Royalties."—Coronation year is proving a good year for a certain class of author. I fancied it might prove so, but not to the extent revealed. The public can never have enough of a good thing, and "a good thing" means something red-hot topical. So it comes about that any book, new or old, which treats of our monarchy, living or dead sovereigns, princes, princesses or their Courts or Palaces, is pulled out and pored over by the public and spelled through by journalists in search of copy for an article. Those courtiers who have "things they can tell," tell them—and sell them. Those who haven't personal memories, steal them from published books. In the struggle to cash in on this bonanza mine, the laws of copyright are scrapped, if indeed they have not long since become a dead letter. In normal times the field was narrow. But now the field is wide and thronged. For every shrewd ink-slinger made his plans ahead and has flooded the market with his stolen goods and Palace chestnuts, all piping hot and gobbled greedily. When Mrs. Manning insisted on being hanged in black satin, black satin went out of fashion. But I don't think we need fear that purple and ermine will go out of fashion after the Coronation. If "royalties" have not been of late years normally a very satisfactory source of income, Royalties with a capital R pay capital dividends in 1953, and generally pay very satisfactorily.

The Eye of Faith.—The blackthorn winter season was chosen long, long ago as the ideal moment at which to welcome Test-cricketers from Down Under. The choice should have been worth 100 runs a match to England, but those Australian teams are tough. They turn out in white flannels at the nets at Lord's just when we are really beginning to feel the sting of winter, and they take it on trust that before they "open" at Moseley or Worcester, the annual miracle will have occurred and they will go out on the field sniffing the scent of warm mown grass, with "swallows darting between." But for the newcomers this old joke of Old England must be hard to swallow. Warm weather, like Mr. Butler, is cricket's most powerful friend. But every year the summer games must make their final plans, with that eye of faith, during the blackthorn winter. Polo, for instance, needs real summer weather as much as cricket. A dazzling programme of fixtures lies ahead, recalling the palmiest days of Hurlingham, with names to conjure with, including once more a Dev. Milburn. I can speak for one of the scenes of the coming thrills: the lawns and the river grounds at Cowdray are already looking fine and fit for business, with newly-risen stands, and emerald turf. All set for summer . . . when the wind shifts.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

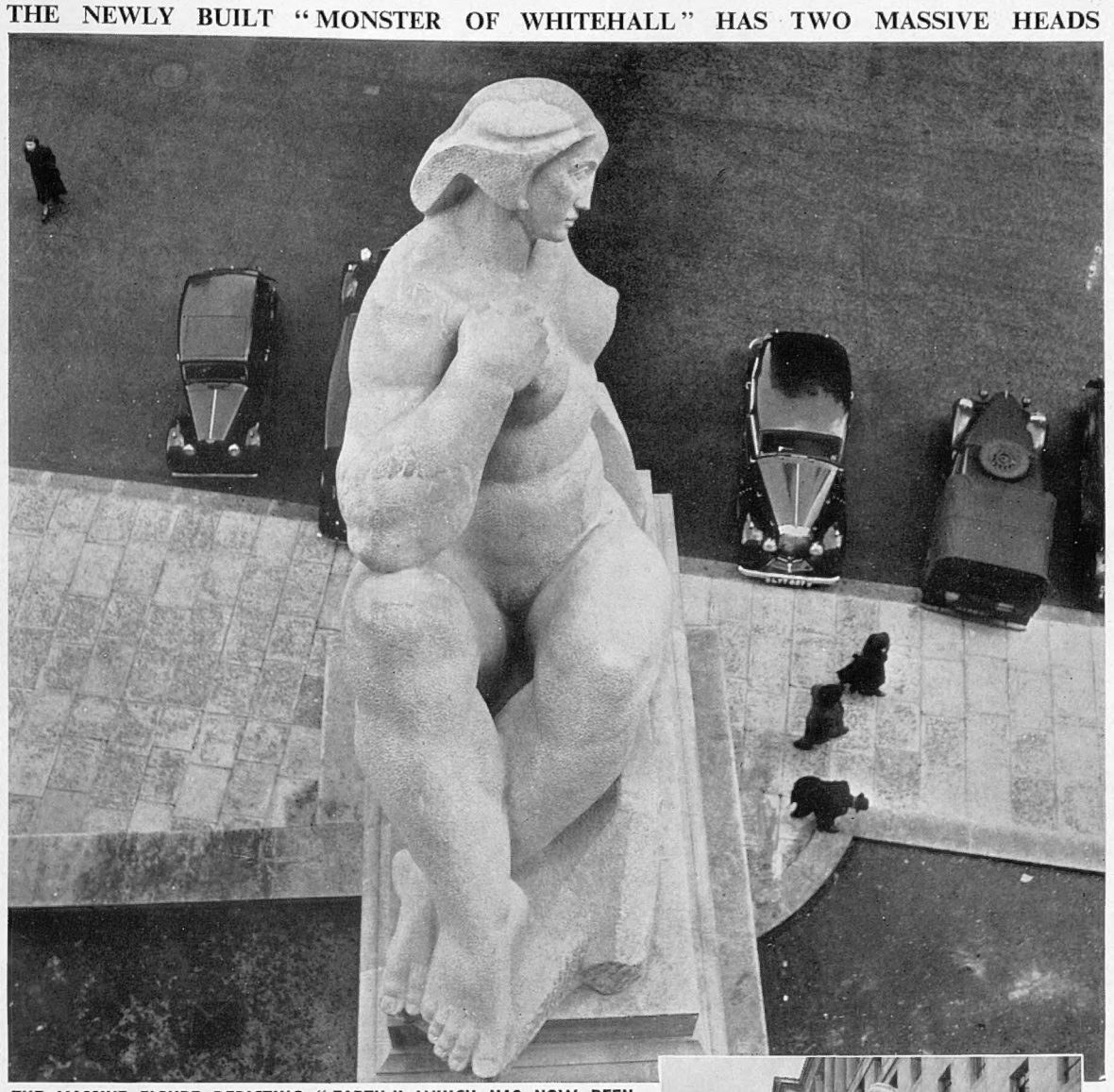
PORTRAIT OF LEWES

THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN

By JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY STUART BOYLE

THE NEWLY BUILT "MONSTER OF WHITEHALL" HAS TWO MASSIVE HEADS



THE MASSIVE FIGURE DEPICTING "EARTH," WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SET IN POSITION ON THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN WHITEHALL: The figure is mounted on a 40-ft.-high pediment and, together with its companion depicting "Water" (*inset on right*), surmounts the entrance to the new building. The two figures are the work of Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A.

In 1946 work was restarted on the new Government building in Whitehall, which had been left during the war, and in 1948 Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A., was commissioned to carve two figures depicting "Earth" and "Water" for the adornment of the building. These two figures, which have been carved in six separate blocks of Portland stone weighing about 40 tons, have now been finished and erected on the 40-ft.-high pediments over the entrance to the building in Horse Guards Avenue. Mr. Wheeler has been paid £12,000 for the two figures, and has been commissioned to carve another pair depicting "Air" and "Fire," for the same terms, on the other side of the building.

The massive new building, known as the "Monster of Whitehall," forms part of a plan drawn up before the 1914-18 war when the great rectangular space bounded by Whitehall, Horse Guards Avenue, Richmond Terrace and Victoria Embankment was scheduled to be occupied by the biggest Government block of offices ever envisaged in this country.

THE PRESERVATION OF A ROW OF 18TH-CENTURY COTTAGES IN AN OXFORD VILLAGE

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STONE COTTAGES KNOWN AS "THE ROW" AT BLETCHINGDON, SEVEN MILES FROM OXFORD, WHICH HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM DECAY BY GIFTS FROM THE PILGRIM TRUST AND AN ANONYMOUS CHARITY: Each gift is of £2,000 and has been presented to the Oxfordshire Housing Society Limited, an organisation formed by the Oxfordshire Branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England to fight for the preservation of cottages in Oxfordshire villages. In his letter to the Oxfordshire Housing Society, Lord Kilmaine, Secretary to the Pilgrim Trust, said that the Trust had been impressed by the Society's spirited action and that they entirely approved of the principle of preserving the centres of old villages. The Trustees are prepared to make "The Row" a demonstration case for the whole of Oxfordshire, to show what can be done to preserve old houses.

Royal Occasions in England and the Netherlands

PRINCESS MARGARET IN YORKSHIRE

The Duke of Edinburgh Flies Britain's Latest Turbo-Prop Airliner; Prince Bernhard Welcomes the First of Two U.S.A. Submarines Leased to Holland

PRINCESS MARGARET ATTENDS A THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ROTHERHAM PARISH CHURCH IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RAISING OF ROTHERHAM TO THE STATUS OF A COUNTY BOROUGH: Her Royal Highness is greeted by the Bishop of Sheffield and the Assistant Bishop, the Right Rev. G. V. Gerard, who is also Vicar and Rural Dean of Rotherham, following her arrival at the fifteenth-century parish church for the special thanksgiving service. In honour of the occasion the north door of the church, sealed for more than a century, was opened for the Princess to pass through after the service. Later, twelve miles away at Norton, Sheffield, Princess Margaret opened the Rowlinson Secondary Technical School and then, on the next day, attended Matins at Huddersfield Parish Church. The visit to Huddersfield was in connection with the £10,000 appeal for the restoration of the church tower.

THE PEOPLE OF ROTHERHAM CHEER THE PRINCESS AS SHE INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL: The guard of honour, consisting of detachments of the York and Lancaster Regiment and of the 467 (York and Lancaster) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A. (T.A.), was under the command of Major J. V. Hawkins.

PRINCE PHILIP PILOTS THE VICKERS VISCOUNT AIRLINER ON THE EVE OF THE AIRCRAFT'S INTRODUCTION INTO REGULAR SERVICE BY THE B.E.A.: The Duke took over the controls when the aircraft reached its operational height of over 20,000 ft. above Bristol after taking off from South Marston, near Swindon. Earlier, the Duke, accompanied by the young Duke of Kent, had flown from London Airport to the Supermarine Vickers experimental flight aerodrome at Chilbolton, near Andover. In this picture Prince Philip is seen on the return journey, when he remained at the controls for about forty-five minutes.

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, IN HIS CAPACITY AS INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL DUTCH NAVY, WELCOMES THE FIRST OF TWO UNITED STATES SUBMARINES LEASED TO HOLLAND FOR THE TRAINING OF DUTCH NAVAL PERSONNEL: Prince Bernhard is seen leaving the submarine at Rotterdam following his inspection of the vessel. The submarine will be renamed *Walrus* during her stay with the Dutch. At the welcoming ceremony, the Dutch Defence Minister, Cornelis Staf, thanked the U.S. Ambassador to Holland for the American Government's gesture, which, he said, would enable training in that type of vessel to be carried out before the completion of the new Dutch submarines.

Mainly Political

The Disturbances in Buenos Aires; Communists Begin Their Election Campaign in Italy; Demonstrations in Teheran; West Berlin Security Officers Struggle with a Cameraman

GENERAL PERON OF ARGENTINA ADDRESSING THE MEETING IN BUENOS AIRES WHEN TWO BOMBS WERE EXPLODED NEAR BY: Six people were reported killed and many injured by the explosions. After they occurred President Peron, continuing his speech, urged the workers to take the law into their own hands and hang profiteers on trees and lamp-posts. That night a wave of arson and destruction, apparently as a reprisal for the bomb outrages, swept through the city. Workers attacked and set on fire a three-storey building housing the Socialist Party offices and the Socialist newspaper *La Vanguardia*, which has long been suppressed. Eye-witnesses said that the crowd prevented firemen from extinguishing the flames, and that afterwards the firemen confined themselves to preventing the fire from spreading to other buildings. Later, the famous Jockey Club was burned down and many other premises, including fashionable restaurants, were wrecked and looted. It was reported that no arrests were made in connection with the incendiarism, but later eighty-one people who had been heard talking against the Peron regime were imprisoned.

WORKMEN CLEARING THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY ONE OF THE BOMBS WHICH EXPLODED IN BUENOS AIRES DURING PRESIDENT PERON'S ADDRESS: This was in the new entrance which was being built for an underground station in the Plaza de Mayo. The other explosion occurred in a restaurant.

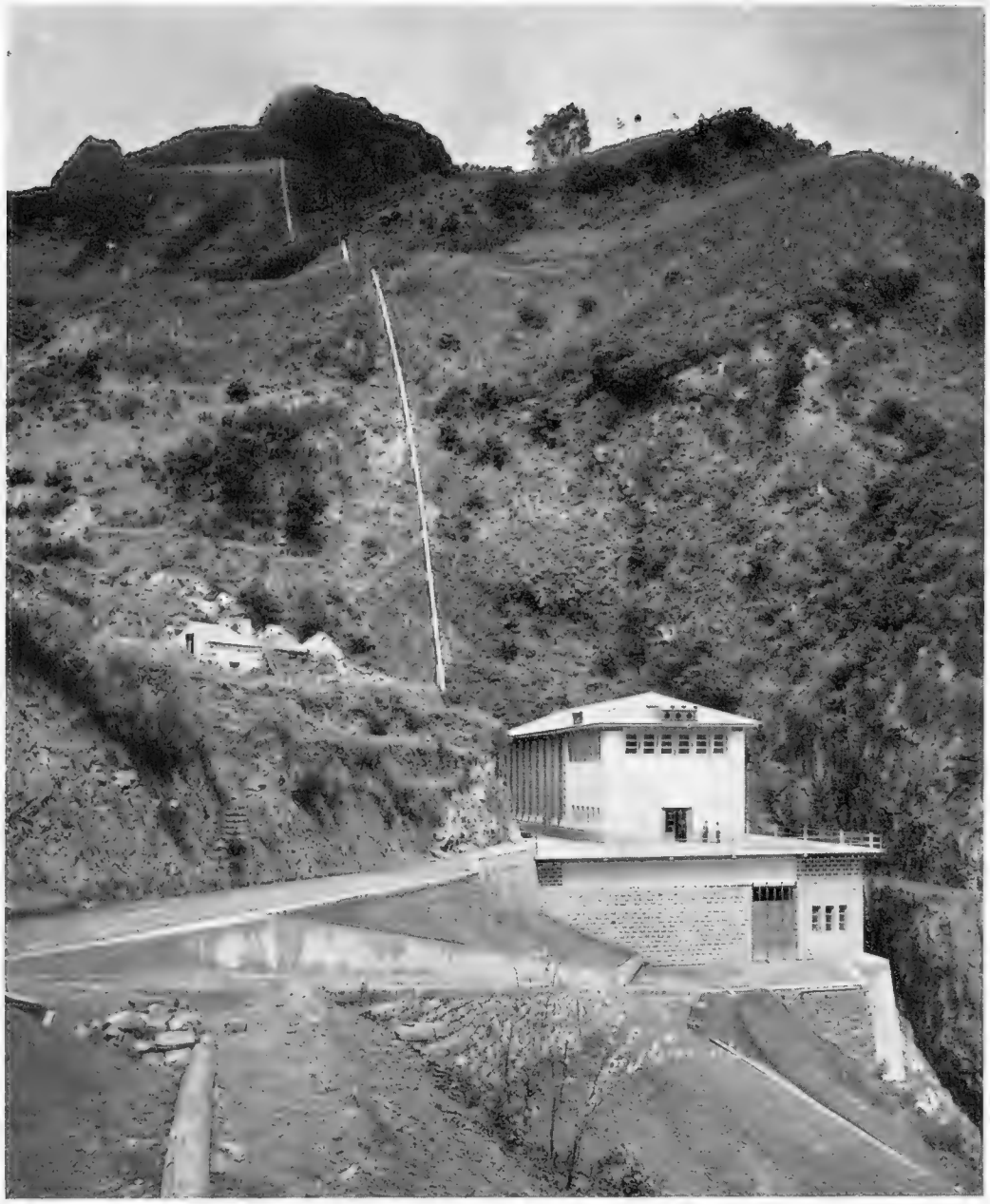
THE INTRUDING CAMERAMAN—AN AMERICAN OFFICER IN WEST BERLIN FALLS DURING A STRUGGLE WITH A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER: Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Goetz, the Berlin Command Provost Marshal, was in charge of a military guard at the conference in West Berlin, when Russian delegates met representatives of the Western Powers to discuss the proposal of a new and safer air route over Russian territory to Berlin. The conference, which took place at the United States High Commission Headquarters, was held in private, and guards refused permission for photographers to enter the compound of the building. Gerhard Schuster, a German photographer, rushed forward to photograph members of the Russian delegation as they drove through the gate, and in the ensuing struggle between Schuster, a military policeman, and Colonel Goetz, the Colonel, as this picture shows, "bit the dust."

PALMIRO TOGLIATTI, LEADER OF THE ITALIAN COMMUNISTS, ANNOUNCING HIS PARTY'S ELECTION MANIFESTO DURING A MEETING IN ROME: Signor Togliatti is seen speaking from the rostrum on left. Next to the rostrum, facing the camera, is Luigi Longo, the deputy Communist leader. The Italian elections will be held on June 7 and meanwhile the Communists have launched a vigorous campaign The roads of the capital are being painted with gigantic white hammers and sickles, and the poster campaign, which is so important to all parties during election time in Italy, is about to begin.

MOUSSADEK'S MEN HOLD ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION IN TEHERAN: This loudspeaker van carrying a large portrait of Dr. Moussadek headed a procession of about 7,000 students and schoolchildren, which wound its way through the streets of Teheran, finally assembling in the Majlis Square. Here, large numbers of workmen and shopkeepers, on strike for the occasion, swelled the throng to over 20,000. The demonstration was held to show support for the Majlis Committee's recommendation limiting the Shah's power of intervention in politics. During the procession slogans such as "Give us death or Moussadek!" and "The Shah must reign, not rule," frequently blared through the loudspeakers. The Left-wing elements in the procession carried banners condemning the Shah and urging the Government to lift martial law, but their slogans were not broadcast. Later in the day it was learnt that eight opposition Deputies had left the capital in order to prevent the Government voting on the Committee's recommendations. This will mean an indefinite suspension of the present Majlis session.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictu



THE NEW HYDRO-ELECTRIC STATION AT SERRA D'AGUA, IN THE ENCUMEADA VALLEY, MADEIRA : The station will supply electricity to Funchal and is part of a large-scale scheme for harnessing the water power of Madeira. It is to be opened on April 27. Of recent years developments in Madeira have been considerable, both as regards electricity and water supply. It is believed that the hydro-electric works will bring a new and wider prosperity to the island. The rainfall during the year brings to certain districts enormous quantities of water which until now have been allowed to flow unused to the sea. In a few years time electric current will be supplied to most of the villages, and the cost of lighting Funchal will be greatly reduced when Diesel power is replaced by water power. The hydro-electric schemes are going ahead with a rapidity which has surprised European experts, who have seen the mountain terrain thus transformed.

ADLAI STEVENSON PAUSES IN INDO-CHINA ON HIS WO D TOUR: Democratic candidate for the Presidency seen wit the Bisho Phay Diem and (on right) General de Linares hen they during the course of Mr. Stevenson's tour. Mr. evenson's to Indo-China was not without special significan e, for as Americans put it, there is now "a stepped-up pr rity for In China." The recent visit to Indo-China of Gener l Mark Cl Supreme Commander in the Far East, was also c idence of t trend. It has been noted, too, that a ten-m n team fr Indo-China has just wound up a close study o U.S. train areas in Korea, and it is said that plans are on foot to increa the number of Vietnam troops from 150,000 to 200,000 bef the end of the year. Marshal Juin has done much to focus attenti on the war which is proving such a drain on French resour

BRITAIN REFUSES TO SIGN THE NEW INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT ON WHEAT PRICES : Mr. Frank Sheed Anderson, Chairman of the International Wheat Council, addressing a meeting of the Council at Washington, when seventeen of the forty-six member-nations signed the new agreement. Britain, however, was not among the signatories. While accepting the minimum price of 1.55 dollars (about 11s. 1d.) a bushel, Britain rejected the maximum price of 2.05 dollars (about 14s. 8d.) The British view was that the maximum price of 1.80 dollars written into the former agreement was a fair reflection of the value of wheat in present conditions in a free market. Britain was prepared, however, to agree to an increase of 20 cents in the former maximum price and an increase of 35 cents in the former minimum price of 1.20 dollars, but was unable to go further than this.

SIR GODFREY AND LADY HUGGINS RECORD THEIR VOTES IN THE GR REFERENDUM : The Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and wife seen at a polling station in the Highland Division Southern Rhodesia. This referendum on the White Paper propo for Federation with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland resulted a great majority in favour of Federation. Over 80 per cent. the electorate voted, and after the results were announc Sir Godfrey appealed to the opponents of Federation to rally t to build up a strong Central African State. It is probable t Federation will be proclaimed on January 1, 1954. Since Southern Rhodesian referendum, there have been debates on federal scheme in the legislatures of Northern Rhodesia Nyasaland. Following that, it was anticipated that an enab Bill would be brought before Parliament in London. If Southern Rhodesians had voted for the *status quo* it would have been surprising, but, as it is, they have shown themse overwhelmingly in favour of accepting the risks and shoulder the responsibilities of leadership in a Federation of 6,000,000 Afric

HEADS OF STATE MEET HEAD-HUNTERS : U Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma (left), and Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, with a chieftain of the head-hunting Naga tribes during a joint tour of tribal areas on both sides of the Indo-Burmese frontier. India and Burma have been paying a great deal of attention to tribal problems in the border provinces, where movements for independence have recently gained ground among the primitive peoples.

SOVIET RUSSIA CELEBRATES THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS : The portrait of Rabelais seen adorning the backcloth at the concert hall in Moscow, where there was a special gathering to mark the anniversary of the death of the great French satirist. The gathering was arranged by the Union of Soviet Writers, the Soviet Peace Committee and the Gorky Institute of World Literature. Excerpts from Gargantua and Pantagruel, the great Rabelais chronicle of the mythical giants, were read to the audience, and the works of Delibes, St. Saëns and other composers were rendered by the orchestra. François Rabelais was born at Chinon, in Touraine, where his father worked as an apothecary.

THE TRIAL OF KIKUYU TRIBESMEN, ALLEGED TO HAVE TAKEN PART IN THE LARI MASSACRE, OPENS AT GITHUNGURI, IN KENYA : Mr. Justice Rudd, the judge, inspecting a police guard who were on duty at the courthouse when the trial began. *On right*—Some of the twenty-six Kikuyu—the first group of 185 who are to be arraigned—entering the court, placarded with numbers for identification purposes. The charge against them arose from the death, during the massacre, of a woman called Penina, one of the four wives of the headman Charles. The Crown prosecutor described the scene on the night of March 26, when, in the absence of the headman, who was on duty with the Home Guard, a large gang surrounded the groups of huts which comprised his home, broke down the fence, set fire to the huts and left Penina in a blazing hut. She was rescued but later succumbed to the severe slashes all over her body, so ferociously made that muscles and bones were severed. The prosecutor said that, though some of the accused had not been seen to hit the woman, they all had the common intention to burn and kill, and the Crown case would be almost entirely made up of identification.

A LINE OF BULLS' HEADS WHICH ARCHÆOLOGISTS HAVE UNEARTHED AT A TOMB IN THE SAKKARA REGION, 20 MILES SOUTH OF CAIRO : The tomb, believed to be that of Pharaoh Uadji (3100 B.C.), consists of forty-five magazines built above ground-level. They have yielded, among other things, ivory and wooden labels, fragments of wooden furniture, pottery and stone vessels. It was discovered that the tomb had been plundered shortly after the burial and the burial chamber and adjoining subterranean chambers had been set on fire. There is evidence, however, that the burial chamber was remodelled and restored in the reign of Qa-A, last Pharaoh of the first dynasty. The bulls' heads are made of mud, equipped with real bulls' horns, and are fixed with wooden pegs to the low benches which surround the tomb.

CAMPAIGNERS ON WHEELS : A truck-load of election propagandists pausing on a roadside outside Tokyo as one of their number spoke to workers in the fields regarding the Japanese elections, the second in seven months. Polling in the General Election took place last Sunday and the early results showed a lead for Mr. Yoshida and his Liberals. There are 466 members in the Japanese House of Representatives and they are elected for a period of four years. In the House of Councillors there are 250 members, one-half of whom are elected every three years.

REPATRIATING PRISONERS IN KOREA

The Start of the Exchanges and the Establishment of the Freedom Village After the Signing of the Repatriation Agreement

ON THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR JOURNEY HOME : American medical orderlies carrying sick and wounded Communist prisoners from a landing-ship when they reached Pusan, South Korea, from their camp on Cheju Island. They were en route to Panmunjom, there to be handed over in the first of the prisoner-of-war exchanges. Before departing from Cheju the prisoners were given haircuts, dusted with germicide and immunised against typhoid, typhus and smallpox. They were also issued with new clothing and personal equipment.

For a year the conflict over voluntary or forced repatriation of prisoners completely deadlocked the Korean peace negotiations. Suddenly the Soviet peace offensive changed the situation overnight, the pact relating to sick captives was signed, and it was agreed that the United Nations should receive 600 prisoners and the Communists 5,800 prisoners, this being in relation to the ratio of prisoners held by the two sides. By the time the agreement was signed all was nearly in readiness for the exchange. Freedom Village was set up to receive the Allied prisoners coming south, and the Conference area at Panmunjom was provided with another tented camp for the business of exchange. Last Monday the United Nations handed over the first 500 Communists, and they received the first 100 members of their own forces. Five Britons were among the first group.

SETTING UP THE SIGN TO MARK THE INAUGURATION OF FREEDOM VILLAGE : To this United Nations personnel and medical processing unit near Munsan the Allied prisoners were brought after being handed over by the Communists at Panmunjom. The total to be handed over under the initial agreement was about 600 Allied prisoners.

THE SEA OF TENTS NEAR PANMUNJOM : *Left*—The camp where the disabled Communist prisoners halt for the last night before they are handed over. They are brought to the camp by hospital train from the south, having previously been taken by boat to Pusan from their island prison camps. The prisoners are being exchanged in batches of twenty-five. They have been travelling to Panmunjom along arranged routes immune from bombing. *Right*—THE CONFERENCE AREA AT PANMUNJOM : Here the actual exchanges have been taking place, the tents in the left centre of the picture being used for the business of transfer of each batch of twenty-five prisoners. In the background are the conference buildings used by the Communist and U.N. negotiators.

AMBULANCES LINED UP AT FREEDOM VILLAGE : They were ready to take the Allied prisoners on the first stage of their journey. *On left*—More tents at the prisoner-of-war holding enclosure, the last halting place before the Communist prisoners reach the conference area at Panmunjom.

EVEREST, THE GOAL—THIS IS THE DRAMATIC SIGHT WHICH ON A CLEAR DAY CONFRONTS THE WOULD-BE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST AFTER THEY CROSS THE FRONTIER OF EAST NEPAL: This view of the great Himalayan barrier is taken from the region of Sandakphu, which lies some way to the north-east of Jogbani, where Eric Shipton and his colleagues of the 1951 Reconnaissance Expedition assembled before their trek to the slopes of Everest. Mount Everest is the third peak from the right in this picture, and appears to be out-topped by Makalu, but this is only because Makalu is nearer.

The Battle for Mount Everest: II.

The Peak, which is Now Being Tackled by the Latest British Expedition, Has Been Visited by Both British and Swiss Expeditions Since the Close of the Second World War

By HUGH MERRICK, with Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

In The Sphere *of April 18 Hugh Merrick described in his special feature article the story of the Battle for Mount Everest from the first Reconnaissance Expedition in 1921 to the final efforts to scale the peak before the Second World War. This week he takes the narrative to its conclusion, describing the Shipton Reconnaissance of 1951, which revealed that Everest might be conquered via the Western Cwm and the South Col, and the subsequent Swiss Expeditions, one of which so very nearly succeeded. Also in this issue Victor Coverley-Price contributes a series of drawings relating to the great adventure upon the world's highest peak, and there are photographs actually taken upon the mountain. As we go to press the British Expedition of 1953 is preparing for the latest assault, and it is probable that by the middle of May they will be establishing their last camps high up near the South Col and the summit ridge. This time, it may be, the climbers' efforts will be crowned with success. Much depends upon the weather, a lot depends upon the degree of acclimatisation achieved on the higher levels, and finally whoever reaches the summit and returns in safety to civilization will need a generous share of good fortune.*

THE Second World War must have added to the ranks of Everest enthusiasts innumerable members of the Forces in Burma and India, who fell under the spell of the Himalaya and caught distant glimpses of the mysterious "Goddess Mother of the Snows" from the leave-hills of Darjeeling and Sikkhim. But the war-clouds had hardly dissipated sufficiently to allow a resumption of the interrupted attempts to master the peak's last unclimbed thousand feet when a broad, cold fog rolled up from the north and blotted out the traditional line of approach.

Communist China had thrown its "mantle of protection" over a Tibet menaced, among other things, by continual invasions of degenerate Western mountaineering parties. The Dalai Lama had fled from Lhasa. The pre-war approach across the high Tibetan plateau, through Khampa Dzong to Rongbuk Monastery and the northern foot of the mountain, was suddenly and irrevocably "out of bounds." At any time, too, we might learn that Everest, first discovered, no doubt, by a good Bolshevik comrade, had just been successfully climbed by some (or all) of a well-equipped Soviet party, more than 200 strong, rumoured from time to time to be on the way to Rongbuk for the purpose.

In 1904 unrest on the Tibetan border had necessitated the Younghusband Mission to Lhasa and so, almost fortuitously, threw open the northern door. Now similar considerations, relating to Nepal, once again came unexpectedly to the rescue. This small, independent State which, till the Second World War, had also resolutely refused to risk the horrors of Westernisation, was by now undergoing a period of severe internal unrest, coupled with violent changes in its social and political structure. The way was open to Western ideas and even to a few Western people. Motor-cars, carried in pieces across the mountains on men's backs, and assembled by Western hands, had already found their way on to the roads of Khatmandu. A new air-age found aircraft, piloted by Western hands, landing on the city's broad central maidan. With the old feudal structure in process of disruption, Nepal was being forced to relax its age-old barriers.

So, in 1949, the southern door was thrown open for the first time, just at the crucial moment, if there was to be a hope of carrying on the Everest story, and all the prodigious labours of eight expeditions between the wars were not to be wasted. A small Anglo-American party, including Tilman, was given permission to pass through Nepal; and at last the hard southern route, by high passes and the tremendous Dudh Khosi gorge, to Sola Khombu and Namche Bazar—the by now legendary home of the faithful Sherpas—was open. Lack of time prevented more than a brief reconnaissance beyond Namche and Thyangboche, the southern counterpart of the Rongbuk Lamasery on the northern side, up the lower part

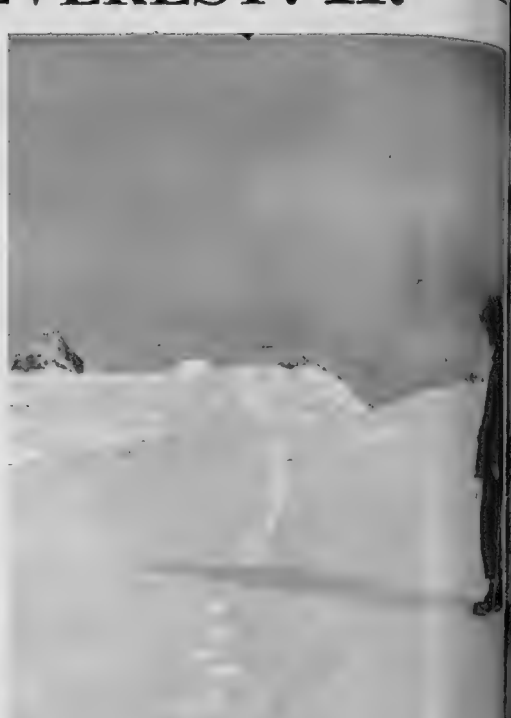
(*Continued on following pages*)

THE APPROACH TO EVEREST VIA THE ARUN RIVER: This river rises in the high barren plateau of Tibet and bursts through the great Himalaya Range to the east of Mount Everest, where it has cut a stupendous gorge. At the point shown here the river has reached the lower foothills covered with dense tropical forest. Through these foothills the post-war Everest Expeditions have passed en route to base camp.

TO MOUNT EVEREST THROUGH NEPAL: This sketch-map shows the situation of Everest in relation to the Dudh Khosi and Arun Rivers. Namche Bazar is the last village before the base camp is established beyond Thyanboche. It is approached through the spectacular gorge of the Dudh Khosi.

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: II.

MEMBERS OF ERIC SHIPTON'S RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION OF 1951 NEGOTIATING THE ICE-FOREST OF SERACS AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO THE NUP LA: This was a side trip from Everest, but of extraordinary interest, offering one of the toughest ice climbs imaginable. Shipton described how the climbers had to "traverse this way and that, sometimes on knife-edges between the plunging walls, sometimes on a chaos of ice-blocks choking a crevasse. Caves in the walls loomed green and chasms beneath our feet yawned blue," he said.



ON THE LINE OF THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN": a member of the Shipton Reconnaissance of standing beside the tracks of the Yeti, the myst animal whose footprints were first seen by climbers in north-east Sikkim in 1889. Sen Te one of Shipton's porters, described an abo snowman, or Yeti, which he once saw as 5 ft. 6 ins. tall and standing on its hind legs. no tail and was covered with reddish-brown

(*Continued from previous page*)

of the Khombu Glacier; and no great addition knowledge of Everest's southern and western stru resulted. But the approach route—shorter, but far difficult than that from the north—had at last traversed and the way now lay open for others to

The next year, 1950, a French expedition was gra leave to visit western Nepal. It did not waste its op tunities, for it succeeded in climbing the great 26,0 peak of Annapurna, the highest mountain yet climbed, though at great cost to its leader, Marcel He and at least one other member of the party, who toes and fingers from frostbite, barely escaping with lives. Tilman, too, was simultaneously reconnoi mapping and climbing at the eastern approaches of same range.

Nepal was at last becoming reconciled to the str antics of European mountaineers. And when in autumn of the same year the British Everest Comm requested the Nepalese Durbar to sanction a visi the mountain in 1951 by a strong Reconnaissance difficulties were put in the way.

The party was led, through a lucky last-ma chance, by Shipton, returned at the right moment China; it included such talented home performe Ward, Murray and Bourdillon, with the New Zealan Riddiford and Hillary, joining it on the spot.

The main object was to establish whether the 2,0 ice-fall, falling steeply from the Western Cwm t Khombu Glacier, and seen for the first time by the Reconnaissance, could be climbed. If so, to ente Cwm's secret recess and discover whether, as though long floor was comparatively level; and finally to exactly how steep and difficult were the slopes at further, eastern end, by which alone the South between Lhotse and Everest's south-east ridge assault ridge from this new and uncharted side—r be accessible.

MEMBERS OF THE SHIPTON RECONNAISSANCE OF 1951 WORKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GREAT ICE-FALL THAT GUARDS THE WAY TO THE WESTERN CWM: Four of the climbers are seen working their way up through the Seracs. In such conditions the climbers frequently suffer from lassitude. *On right*—Hillary pauses for breath when negotiating the tumultuous ice-fall.

MOUNT EVEREST FROM THE SOUTH-WEST—THE MIGHTY ICE-FALL, DESCRIBED BY ERIC SHIPTON AS "THE DRAGON GUARDING THE WAY TO THE WESTERN CWM": In the foreground of this drawing Mr. Coverley-Price shows Mr. Shipton and Mr. Hillary of the reconnaissance party of 1951 looking down from a buttress 20,000 ft. up on Pumori to the jagged seracs of the ice-fall, which offers such a formidable barrier to the penetration of the Western Cwm, that curious sanctuary which offers a practical way to the citadel of Everest. The view shows, from left to right, the North Peak, Everest, the peak of Lhotse (centre background), and, on right, the jagged heights of Nuptse. It was this Shipton reconnaissance on Pumori that really settled the issue regarding the practicability of assaulting Mount Everest via the Western Cwm.

On right—

A MINOR AVALANCHE BRINGS A MOMENT OF NEAR DISASTER WHEN IN SIGHT OF SUCCESS—PASSANG AND SHIPTON SCRAMBLE OFF THE MOVING SHEET OF SNOW WITH THEIR COMPANION, RIDDIFORD, SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM: This incident took place near the end of a day of high endeavour as the members of the Everest reconnaissance party of 1951 attempted to negotiate the short but steep slope leading to the crest of ice marking the point where the glacier of the Western Cwm takes its first plunge into the ice-fall. From the crest the climbers would have had an uninterrupted view into the mysterious sanctuary of the Western Cwm, but on this occasion they were thwarted. No one was injured.

On left—

THE MAN WHO RECONNOITRED THE SOUTHERN APPROACH: Eric Shipton, one of the outstanding figures in the history of Everest.

Shipton's reconnaissance never got inside the amazing corridor of the Cwm. A first attempt on the fantastic ice-cataract, pouring 2,000 ft. down from it in riven curtains and crumbling towers of ice, was halted right at its top—where the next stride would, as it were, have been on to the smooth floor of the high hanging valley—by the avalanching of a snow-wall and the hairbreadth avoidance of a serious accident. A second effort, a fortnight later, found the whole frozen waterfall so altered for the worse and its dangers so enhanced by movement and changes in structure that it was manifestly unfair to ask porters, laden with the necessary equipment for high camps, to attempt its passage.

Nevertheless, the party climbed the terrifying chaos of ice-blocks—"it looked as though an atom-bomb had dropped on it"—only to be halted near the top by the largest crevasse any of them had ever seen. Stretching almost from side to side of the level glacier above, it was 100 ft. deep, nowhere less than 100, and at its widest, 300 ft. across, and its further side was a vertical ice-cliff. The only means of turning it, a tempting snow-corridor to the left, was obviously nothing but a funnel for avalanches falling from Everest's west ridge and therefore ruled out as an unreasonable risk for laden porters. There was no alternative but to retreat.

Besides the two attempts on the ice-fall, Shipton's party accomplished a vast amount of exploration on the glaciers and water-sheds of the hitherto vaguely-charted south side of the great peaks. Most valuable of all, it also established, by climbing to 20,000 ft. on the ridges of Pumori's lovely 23,000-ft. cone and looking for the first time into and along the whole length of the Western Cwm revealed opposite, that a route to the South Col from above the ice-fall was a practical proposition.

In the following spring (1952), a very strong Swiss party under Dr. Wyss Dunant, including such renowned Alpinists as André Roch, Raymond Lambert, René Dittert, Chevalley, Aubert, Flory and Asper, equipped with the most modern gear, including improved oxygen equipment, set out to attempt the summit by the newly-reconnoitred route. It had been hoped that this first opportunity to follow up the Reconnaissance's splendid work would fall to a British party; but the Swiss had clearly established a prior claim. After an effort to form a joint party had failed, in spite of much mutual goodwill, it was agreed that they should make the 1952 attempt, and that 1953 should be left clear for a British effort, should the mountain still remain unclimbed.

Foiled twice on the upper ice-fall, following the 1951 route, the Swiss decided to accept the risks of the suspect avalanche corridor on the left, rejected by

(*Continued on following page*)

THE BATTLE FOR MOUNT EVEREST: II.

SWINGING ACROSS A ROPE BRIDGE BETWEEN CAMPS II AND III: Members of the Swiss Everest Expedition in the spring of 1952 seen negotiating the great ice-fall of the Khombu Glacier, where they were held up by this giant crevasse. A bridge across the crevasse was made with ropes, and eventually the Sherpa porters successfully carried across the baggage.

On left—

THE EAST RIDGE OF EVEREST SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ÉPERON DES GÉNÉVOIS, ABOVE THE SOUTH COL: Three members of the Swiss Expedition of spring 1952 seen just before the final assault on the summit. They failed at about 28,215 ft.

(*Continued from previous page*)

the British. Even so, they found the way barred at its top 16-ft.-wide crevasse. After many efforts, Asper swung himself a rope, 60 ft. down into its depths, on to the opposite wall then managed to cut his way up it. A "bridge" of four was established, and the Sherpas, with their loads, brought across it, to pitch the first high camp (III) inside the western on May 6. At last a party was in full view of the broad gl falling into its upper end—to everyone's delight, at a higher than had been thought likely—from Lhotse's north-west face days were spent in fully provisioning this camp, the Sherpas carr sixty loads with magnificent courage; for on two occasions avalanches swept the corridor within half an hour of the pass of a laden party, and the danger was always present.

Camps IV (21,150 ft.) and V (22,630 ft.) were then pushed up the basin, in favourable weather, the second being sited near foot of a rocky buttress, which the Swiss have named L'Éperon des Génévois, plunging from near the South Col. A track was up the couloir to the right of the buttress, between it and L loads being dumped and safety ropes fixed. By May 24 every was ready for the all-out attempt on the summit.

Bad weather turned back the first sortie: but next day Lambert Flory and Aubert, with seven Sherpas, set out to climb the 3,00 slopes to the South Col in one day and establish Camp VI o This proved too ambitious an undertaking. Two Sherpas had down from 25,300 ft., suffering from exhaustion and incipient bite; the loads had to be redistributed among the remaining and the climbers themselves, to the great detriment of their re strength. Darkness overtook them on the open slope well below Col, with a fierce wind and bitter cold; and a dreadful night spent in two small tents, pitched in a snow-hollow, fortunately at the last moment. There was not even room to unroll a sleeping

Next morning they struggled up to a spur on the Lhotse descended a little to the South Col (25,850 ft.), and there, wind so violent that they were forced to crawl, they pitched Camp The Sherpas were too exhausted to go down and fetch fu supplies for a Camp VII, as originally intended; all spent a gru night at Camp VI, after which three of the Sherpas were sent sick and out of action. Only Tensing remained to climb with three Swiss, by way of a small col at 26,300 ft. and a wide couloir above it, to reach the south-east ridge of Everest its

MAY 1952—THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN WITHIN THE WESTERN CWM BENEATH MOUNT EVEREST: The picture was taken from the Swiss Expedition's Camp III, which was established on a terrace between the crevasses beyond the Khombu Glacier. Towering in the background of this photograph is Lhotse. The left-hand ridge leading from Lhotse descends to the South Col (not seen in this picture) where the Swiss established one of the upper camps before making their attack on the summit. To the right of Lhotse is the vast and icy wall of the Lhotse-Nuptse ridge.

a height of 27,550 ft. In a tent, which Tensing had carried to this prodigious height, he and Lambert settled down for another terrible night, with no sleeping-bags and nothing to drink but snow melted over a candle, while Flory and Aubert returned to the South Col.

Although badly frozen, Lambert and Tensing struggled on up the ridge next morning; the oxygen refused to work while they were moving and only flattered to deceive when they halted. At about 28,200 ft., possibly the highest point ever reached on the mountain, their heroic effort failed and the two utterly exhausted men somehow or other descended to Camp VI and thence to the west basin; the gallant Tensing having to be revived at intervals from a deep coma.

A second attempt, by Dittert, Roch, Asper, Hofstetter and Chevalley, with the only five Sherpas still available, succeeded in reaching the South Col; but after two nights passed there in terrible, icy winds they were lucky to get a calm day on June 1 and made the most of it for the retreat. So rapid had deterioration been in such conditions that the descent proved more exacting than the climb, and they were lucky to struggle down, by moonlight, alive. Once again, this time on a new and possibly more favourable route, human endeavour had been pushed to the limit. As before on the northern face, the last thousand feet of Everest remained aloof and undefeated.

Although it has been generally held that an autumn ascent is impossible, unless by great good fortune the brief lull between the monsoon and the onset of the irresistible high-altitude winds of autumn can be caught—and even then the brevity of the lull must inevitably doom it to an attempt by an insufficiently acclimatised party—the Swiss decided to put it to the test again in October.

This time Chevalley was the leader, supported again by Lambert and a new team in Reiss, Gross and Spöhel: Tensing was there again to lead the Sherpas and, if possible, go higher than before with the Sahibs. The ice-fall had once again changed considerably, yielding an easier and safer way, this time on the right, a big crevasse being bridged with tree-trunks. In excellent weather, but with the ominous roar of a tremendous wind resounding from the high ridges and frequent avalanches falling from Nuptse and the other great peaks around, Camp V was set up by the foot of the Lhotse glacier at the far head of the Cwm by October 26.

(*Concluded on following page*)

THE MEN WHO HAVE VENTURED HIGHER THAN ANY OTHER CLIMBERS IN THE WORLD: The Sherpa porter Tensing and the Swiss climber Lambert resting high upon Everest during their heroic climb which took them to just over 28,200 ft. At this stage they were well above Camp VII at 27,500 ft., and were making steady progress with the dip of the rocks aiding them at every step. Unfortunately the oxygen apparatus did not work properly. Eventually they had to abandon their gallant effort when less than 1,000 ft. from the summit of Everest.

The BATTLE for EVEREST: II.

On right—

CLIMBING ONE OF THE LAST PITCHES OF THE ROCK FACE OF MOUNT EVEREST IN THE TEETH OF A DOWN DRAUGHT FROM THE SUMMIT: Two climbers, with oxygen to help them, are seen making the final assault from the direction of the South Col. This drawing by Victor Coverley-Price was published in THE SPHERE of April 12, 1952 before any climbers had ever set foot on the higher slopes of Everest from the direction of the South Col. It showed the climbers negotiating the famous yellow band of schistose limestone which is found on Everest just below the layer of dark summit limestone. Now this yellow band on the north-east face provides a treacherous and difficult footing. On the opposite side of Everest, however, the side visualised here, the yellow band takes on quite another form, as it thrusts through the mountain at an angle of 30 degs. Here the yellow band favours the climbers, appearing as a series of steps. On the north-east side it is like the sloping roof of a house.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

A route was being opened up on the lower part of the South Col slopes, ice steps and a fixed rope being provided for the Sherpas when, on the 31st, a block of ice broke off from high on the Lhotse glacier and swept down the great couloir, in which four separate ropes were on the move. Mingma Dorje, one of the most experienced Sherpas, was killed outright: three others, on another rope, fell from their steps and slid 600 ft. down to the basin below, fortunately without fatal injury, but being damaged badly enough to put them out of action for the expedition's purposes.

The upward route was then re-sited, far to the right of the couloir, with a Camp VI in the middle of the Lhotse glacier and VII at its top, whence it led, by a long leftward traverse across the upper slopes, to the Col. A fortnight was spent in carrying supplies for the South Col to Camp VII, in the teeth of terrible winds tearing down from the Col overhead—laborious and sapping work. It was November 19 before Lambert, Reiss, Tensing and seven supporting Sherpas managed to site Camp VIII on the Col's northern side.

Although they set out courageously next day towards the south-east ridge, they never got very far. In such a devastating wind and a temperature of minus 40 degs. C. they found it impossible for any man to live, let alone make upward progress. At 26,600 ft., only a little above the Col, they turned back. Two days later the attempt was abandoned for good.

These post-war expeditions have taught many valuable lessons. Everything seems to support the established view that the most favourable time for an attempt is in the spring, during the lull before the monsoon. Even then, all the luck of wind and weather, at the moment when enough fit men are high enough on the mountain, is essential. To put them there in such condition strong reserves of Sherpas are required, if the final camps are to be pushed high enough for an attempt on the summit and a safe return to the shelter of the last camp.

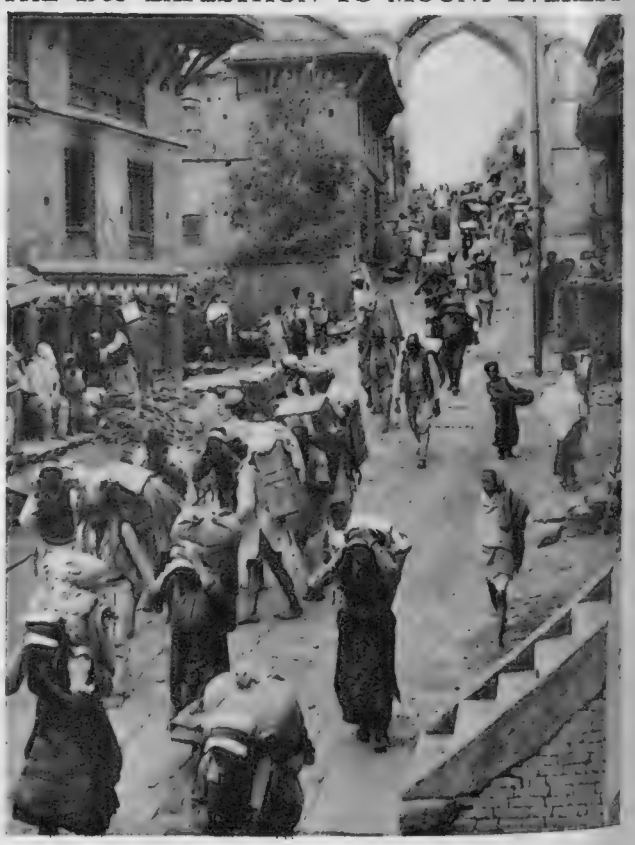
If the ice-fall below the Western Cwm is in good condition, there is a route to the south-east ridge of Everest, on the whole perhaps more favourable in its upper reaches than the old route from the north. Up to 26,000 ft. it is at times more sheltered from the wind, the sun warms it earlier in the morning—allowing the all-important earlier start—and the stratification of the upper part of the summit is such that ledges and holds slope inwards instead of dangerously outwards, as on the northern side. To all this, however, the ice-fall is the key: if it is in such difficult or dangerous condition that it cannot be climbed by laden porters, the assault must fail below 20,000 ft., for then there can be no access to the fantastic valley of the Western Basin, or to the route above it. One other point must be remembered: no one has yet seen the last 500 ft. of the summit ridge in sufficient detail to say that there is on it no feature of that moderate degree of difficulty which would defeat even the most resolute climber, groping upwards at that high, confused frontier between Earth and Heaven, life and death.

It is to be hoped that the present British expedition, led by Lieut.-Colonel John Hunt, will, at long last, find everything in their favour and their own peak of fitness at one and the same time. Only then, and if the final ridge proves no worse than comparatively distant aerial photographs have suggested, may we be hearing one of these days that victory in the long, bitter and costly struggle to reach the earth's highest pinnacle has this time gone to the men at grips with it—not, once again, to the terrible, implacable, beckoning mountain that is Everest.

THE 1953 EXPEDITION TO MOUNT EVEREST

WILL THEY SUCCEED WHERE SO MANY OTHERS BEFORE THEM HAVE FAILED?—THE MEMBERS OF THE 1953 EXPEDITION NOW PREPARING TO STORM THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK: *Left*—Colonel John Hunt, the leader, with Mr. Tom Bourdillon, whose scientific work was a great aid to Shipton in the 1951 Reconnaissance and is again at the disposal of an Everest expedition. *Right*—Mr. A. Gregory, a member of the 1953 advance party, seen at Khatmandu during the work of assembling stores.

THE EXPEDITION AT KHATMANDU BEFORE MOVING UP THROUGH NEPAL TO THEIR EVEREST BASE CAMP: *Left*—Noyce and Westmacott as they set out together on the march with one of the porter trains. *Centre*—Hillary, a veteran of the 1951 Reconnaissance, seen wearing a Foreign Legion style of headgear. *Right*—Mr. G. C. Band, the youngest member of Colonel John Hunt's expedition.



THE START OF A 170-MILE TREK: Porters of the British Mount Everest Expedition of 1953 passing through Bhatgaon, at the head of the Great Nepal Valley, near Khatmandu, as they set out with their 40-lb. loads. This party consisted of 162 porters, carrying a total of 10,000 lb. of baggage.

THE NEWLY-NAMED AND LAUNCHED ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" SEEN ON THE WATERS OF THE CLYDE BEFORE SHE WAS TOWED TO HER FITTING-OUT BASIN : The *Britannia*, which is designed for speedy conversion into a hospital ship in time of war, will probably be completed at the end of this year. Her total cost is likely to be in the neighbourhood of £1,800,000. There were more than 30,000 people in John Brown's yard when the launching took place. Most of them were employees of the building firm and their families. Although the launching ceremony was the main purpose of the Queen's visit to Scotland, Her Majesty fulfilled a heavy programme during her five-and-a-half hours on Clyde-side. She visited an industrial estate, paid a formal call at Dumbarton Castle, and visited old residents on a housing estate. At John Brown's shipyard the Queen was received by Lord Aberconway, Chairman of John Brown and Company, and she had luncheon with the Directors of the Company. After the launching ceremony the Royal party travelled to Clydebank Station, where they rejoined the Royal train for London.

LAUNCHING THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA"

The Queen Names the New Vessel, of 4,000 Tons, at a Ceremony in the Clydebank Yard of John Brown and Co.

THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY IN JOHN BROWN'S YARD ON CLYDEBANK : *Left*—The *Britannia* entering the water after the Queen had named her. *Right*—Her Majesty on the launching platform. When the Queen said "I name this ship *Britannia*," the remainder of her words were lost in the cheering. A band then struck up "Rule, Britannia," and the densely packed crowd took up the chorus. Seven ships of the Royal Navy have been called *Britannia* in the last three-and-a-half centuries. The first, a first-rater of 1,703 tons, was built at Chatham in 1682 and was later rebuilt to serve as a hospital ship. The last was a 16,350-ton battleship, sunk by a submarine off Cape Trafalgar two days before the end of the 1914-18 war. *Britannia* was also the name of King George V.'s famous yacht. H.M.S. *Britannia* is the present ship-name of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

GENERAL LORD JEFFREYS, COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, ESCORTING THE QUEEN TO THE SALUTING-BASE IN THE QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE: Her Majesty seen at last week's ceremony at which she presented a new Colour to the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards and later took the salute as the Company marched past. Since the days of Charles II each new Sovereign has given a new Colour to the Sovereign's Company, which is charged with many unique and important ceremonial duties.

THE QUEEN Presents A NEW COLOUR to the GRENADIER GUARDS

Last Week's Ceremonial in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle

In her address to the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor before presenting the new Colour, Her Majesty paid tribute to the reverent care shown by the bearer parties of her Company at the funerals of her father and grandmother. She indicated, too, the wider responsibilities of the Company, saying that the Company's position on the right of the line of British infantry was not due solely to pre-eminence in ceremonial drill but was justified by the record of the Company, and of the Regiment, in the field.

The presentation ceremony was watched from a window above the Sovereign's entrance by the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne, and Prince Michael of Kent. On the lawn stood 100 Grenadiers, wearing their scarlet tunics and black bearskins, commanded by Major A. G. Heywood.

In their midst was the old Colour presented to the Company in 1937 by the Queen's father, King George VI. Behind the Company was the regimental band and drums.

Before the Queen left the Castle the old Colour was marched off the parade in slow time to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." The Queen, escorted to the parade-ground by General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Regiment, was received by a Royal salute.

She then inspected the Company and presented the Colour. Then came the ceremonial march-past.

On right—

THE QUEEN PRESENTS THE COLOUR TO THE QUEEN'S COMPANY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: Her Majesty presenting the Standard to the kneeling officer of the Colour Party. Lieut.-Colonel T. F. C. Winnington actually handed the Colour to the Ensign, Viscount Boyne, as the staff and Colour was too heavy for the Queen. As it was handed over the Queen held her hand on the staff. Her Majesty declared: "I now commit this new Colour to your charge, confident you will guard and honour it as the symbol of your loyalty and devotion, and my personal trust in each one of you as a member of the Company which bears my name."

THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE PARADE OF THE 1st GRENADIER GUARDS: As Her Majesty passed down the lines she was watched from a window above the Sovereign's entrance to Windsor Castle by the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and also Prince Michael of Kent.

THE QUEEN ON THE SALUTING DAIS IN THE QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE: *Right*—Her Majesty addressing the parade before presenting the new Colour. At the end of the address the Queen's Company advanced in review order and gave a Royal salute followed by cheers for the Queen as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. *Left*—The march-past, with the band about to pass the dais. The band marched in rear of the Queens Company.

HOUSING ACTIVITY ON A GRAND SCALE IN PUERTO RICO : This aerial view shows the immensity of the nearly-completed Llorens Torres housing project near San Juan, said to be the most elaborate development of its kind in the Americas. The estate occupies 85 acres of former farmland and consists of 2,611 apartments, providing living quarters for about 10,000 people. The rentals range from as little as 27s. per month to as high as £3 10s., and are based on family income and ability to pay. The first families will move in this summer. The total cost of the scheme will be above 12,000,000 dollars. Puerto Rico has a rapidly-rising population, the figures in the 1950 census being 350,000 more than in 1940. In July of last year President Truman signed a Congressional Resolution approving the elevation of the status of Puerto Rico to that of a Commonwealth enjoying autonomy in its internal affairs and possessing its own Constitution. The Commonwealth was formally proclaimed by the Governor in San Juan on July 25, the ceremony taking place on the fifty-fourth anniversary of the landing of U.S. troops on the island during the Spanish-American War. It is hoped that with her political problems largely solved, Puerto Rico will settle down to domestic development.

NEWS FROM the CARIBBEAN WORLD

Pictures From Puerto Rico and Venezuela

On right—

FIFTEEN TIMES HIGHER THAN NIAGARA FALLS : This is a new picture of Venezuela's fabulous Angel Falls, which are shown here in their entirety, probably for the first time in a photograph. The Falls are about 3,212 ft. high. The water does not spill over the top of the cliff, but gushes through an opening in the rocks several hundred feet below. At some seasons the water from the falls does not reach the bed of the Caroni River—dissolving into spray before it touches the bottom of the gorge. The falls take their name from Jimmy Angel, an adventurous flyer who, in 1937, crashed on the summit when engaged on an expedition in search of gold in this area, often associated with Conan Doyle's *Lost World*. It took Angel three weeks to walk back to civilisation.

TAKORADI

MAKING THE NEW PORT, AND A WIDER GATEWAY TO THE GOLD COAST

An ever-growing volume of timber, manganese for the steel-works, bauxite for aluminium manufacture, precious stones and cocoa, are among the varied dollar-saving exports now passing through the Gold Coast port of Takoradi in ever-increasing quantities; and meanwhile imports are flowing into the colony to expand its way of life. These vast increases in exports and imports would not have been possible had not Takoradi undertaken in 1949 an essential development programme, the harbour extensions costing in all £3,250,000 and involving the removal of an 80-ft. hill and the construction in its place of a marshalling-yard. These harbour extensions are now mainly complete, and they were due to be opened on April 24 by Sir Charles Noble Arden Clarke, the Governor of the Gold Coast.

Within four years Takoradi's trading capacity has been more than doubled, and the port's position has been confirmed as one of the most important on the West African seaboard. Twenty-five years ago Takoradi was an unpretentious fishing village by the sea: now it is a bustling town of 25,000 inhabitants and can look to an assured future.

The removal of the hill—Cox's Fort Hill—a local landmark, has been one of the most spectacular features of the undertaking. Originally, it covered an area of about 22 acres. Diesel-driven excavators stripped the rocky structure layer by layer after explosive charges had prepared the way. The spoil was used to reclaim 49 acres of foreshore. Most of the area where the hill once stood is now covered by railway-yard works, which also extend on to the reclaimed area. Among the extra rail facilities provided at Takoradi are a new railway marshalling-yard, and a locomotive yard.

THE NEW WHARF EXTENSIONS AT TAKORADI, THE GREAT PORT OF THE GOLD COAST, WHICH HAS BEEN EXTENDED AT A COST OF £3,250,000, ONE OF THE BIGGEST POST-WAR HARBOUR IMPROVEMENTS IN THE WORLD: On the left of the picture is the new bauxite berth. The harbour extensions were begun in 1949, and since then the volume of import and export cargoes at Takoradi has been mounting steadily towards 3,000,000 tons per annum.

THE TIMBER DEPOT AT TAKORADI: Exports from the Gold Coast, mainly through Takoradi, include more than £4,000,000 worth of timber last year, which was approximately double the quantity in 1949.

A FIFTEEN-TON BLOCK LOWERED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE HARBOUR: A diver is about to descend to supervise the task of placing the block in position. Six thousand of these blocks were used in the construction of Takoradi's deep-water quay extension.

THE FACE OF THE MAIN WHARF EXTENSION: The quay has been extended by 1,400 ft., thus doubling the accommodation for ocean-going vessels at Takoradi, there being now six berths instead of three. On the extended quay are two two-storey transit sheds, one of which will accommodate passengers and their baggage.

On left—

NOW ONE OF THE GREAT PORTS OF AFRICA: An artist's impression of Takoradi's harbour extension, showing the ocean quay and the transit sheds. Vast quantities of steel and cement have been sent from the United Kingdom for the work of construction. The contractors were Messrs. Taylor Woodrow (West Africa) Ltd., whose headquarters are in London, and the works were designed and supervised by the consulting engineers, Messrs. Rendel Palmer and Tritton, also of London.

North of the Border

AFTERMATH OF THE GREAT GALE

On right—

SCOTLAND FACES THE TASK OF CLEARING UP HER GALE-DAMAGED FORESTS: In this picture a new sawmill is seen nearing completion at Ballogie Forest, on Deeside, where a new wooded "town" called Jonesville has sprung up. The "town," which will have 200 inhabitants, is being built to house workers who will be kept busy for the next two years clearing up the vast gale damage inflicted on January 31 in the forests around Ballogie. The extent of the damage can be seen from the straggling line of trees on the horizon. The forest owners in Scotland have been assured of the support of the trade in disposing of much of the 36,000,000 cubic feet of blown timber on private estates, and the loss will consequently be less than that first feared. The task of clearing the timber from the ground must be tackled as soon as possible in order to prevent the spread of bark beetles and fungus growth; there is also a great risk of fire.

THE ARGYLLS FETED AT DUNOON

THE FREEDOM OF DUNOON IS GIVEN TO THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS: The scene at Argyll Gardens, adjoining the promenade, as Provost E. F. Wyatt inspected the 1st Battalion and other representative detachments of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. *Inset on right*—The Argylls seen as they marched along Argyll Street during the celebrations.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who have been "engaged in nearly every theatre of war in nearly every quarter of the world," have again been honoured with the presentation of the Freedom of a Scottish burgh. Dunoon, in Argyllshire, was the scene of the latest ceremony, and the Provost, Mr. E. F. Wyatt, said that the burgh gave the honour as a token of its regard, appreciation and affection. The sun shone brilliantly for the occasion, and the ceremony and march-past were witnessed by thousands of spectators gathered along the promenade. At the end of the day's ceremonial, the newly-honoured Argylls marched along Alexandra Parade with bayonets fixed, drums beating and Colours flying.

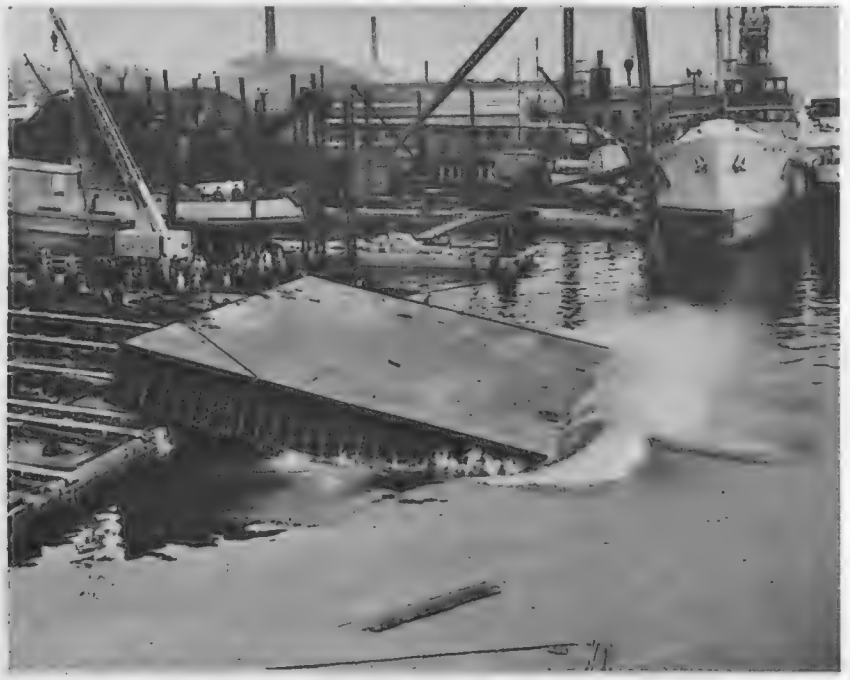
On left—

THE PRESENTATION OF THE SCROLL: The Provost hands the scroll of Freedom to Major-General J. Scott Elliott.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF CANADA" LYING ON HER SIDE IN THE GLADSTONE DOCK AT LIVERPOOL, WHERE SHE WAS GUTTED LAST JANUARY AFTER BURNING FIERCELY FOR 15½ HOURS: Workmen are seen engaged in preliminary salvage work on the upturned hull. Of recent weeks divers have been examining the submerged parts of the hull, forming an estimate of the full extent of the damage to the great vessel. If it proves possible to recondition the *Empress of Canada*, the cost will be in the region of £1,200,000. The *Empress of Canada* was originally called the *Duchess of Richmond*, and under both names she was known to a host of passengers on the North Atlantic route as one of the most commodious of C.P.R. liners, her third class being regarded in her days as the *Duchess of Richmond* as one of the best in the world. After the loss of the last liner to bear the name *Empress of Canada*, torpedoed by an Italian submarine 400 miles from Freetown in March 1943, the *Duchess of Richmond* was renamed. As the new *Empress of Canada* she was the first ship to restore normal passenger travel between Liverpool and Canada after the war. During her wartime service as a troopship she carried 169,000 Service men and women, and 18,500 civilians. The loss of the *Empress of Canada* has proved a great embarrassment in Coronation year, as she was fully booked for the whole season.

Salvaging the Stricken
"EMPRESS OF CANADA"

A BARGE LAUNCHED SIDEWAYS; AND ON A SUNDAY



FULFILLING A RUSH ORDER ON THE RIVER TYNE: *Left*—The first of two sections of a 170-ton barge sliding into the Tyne at the Willington Quay yards of Clellands (Successors) Ltd. The barge, built to fill an urgent order, had to be launched sideways and in two sections because of its length of 98 ft. The launch took place on a Sunday. *Right*—The second part of the barge entering the river. It is to be shipped in a cargo-vessel and assembled at Aden.

A LAST RESTING-PLACE FOR THE "CUTTY SARK"

The Famous Clipper, Whose History is Narrated Here, is to be Brought to Greenwich and Placed in a Permanent Dry-dock Near the Royal Naval College

By L. M. BATES

In 1938 the famous clipper the Cutty Sark *was brought from Falmouth, on the Cornish coast, to Greenhithe, on the lower reaches of the Thames, and there, opposite the lighthouse at Stone Ness, at the seaward end of Long Reach, she has been moored beside the training-ship* Worcester, *a reminder to all who go down to the sea of the stately age of the clipper ships. Now, thanks to the co-operation of the London County Council, who are providing the site for a dry-dock at Greenwich, and the* Cutty Sark *Preservation Society, which is under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, the* Cutty Sark *is to be brought up-stream, and she will have a permanent place of honour in a dry-dock near the Royal Naval College. This is a most costly undertaking, and last Monday the* Cutty Sark *Preservation Society launched its appeal for £250,000. Although the hull of the* Cutty Sark *is sound, a great deal of work will need to be done to the masts and rigging to restore the vessel to her former towering grace. In the following article Mr. L. M. Bates, an authority on the London River and the great ships which frequent its waters, describes the history of the* Cutty Sark, *dating from her earliest days in the China tea trade*

THE news that the *Cutty Sark* is to be preserved focuses attention on this, the last survivor of the golden age of sail-driven ships. Despite the increasing impact of science on their lives, this island people—and, indeed, all seafaring races—retain a nostalgic appreciation of the vanished beauty of seaborne pyramids of canvas. Few living have seen the unforgettable sight of a square-rigged ship with all sails drawing; fewer still have voyaged beneath the shadow of the square sail; but the yarns and pictures will perpetuate the memory of tall masts and tiers of canvas until men serve the sea no more.

Paradoxically, the clipper, which represented the zenith of wind-ship development through uncountable centuries, was the penultimate stage before the swift extinction of commercial "sail" by steam. When the *Cutty Sark* was built in 1869, the steamship had irrevocably captured the shorter sea hauls, and it was only the then uneconomical engines and the absence of bunkering facilities on the long ocean routes that permitted the sailing-ship a few years more. The Suez Canal, eventually to prove the last nail in the coffin of the wind ship, was opened the week before the *Cutty Sark* was launched.

The story of the *Cutty Sark* began with the obsession of John Willis, Junior, known by his headgear as "White Hat," for a ship fast enough to beat the famous *Thermopylæ*. Captain Andrew Shewan, in *The Great Days of Sail*, makes out a good case for Willis, father and son, and the building of the *Cutty Sark*, to have inspired the sea-chanty "Stormalong." Willis already owned an old but speedy vessel, the *Tweed*, built as a steamship on the lines of a famous French frigate, and converted by him to a sailing-vessel. The design of the new ship followed the lines of the *Tweed*, and there is little doubt that the fast-sailing qualities of the *Cutty Sark* derived in some measure from the genius of a long-forgotten French naval architect.

The ship was laid down at the Dumbarton yard of Scott and Linton and was nearly finished when the yard failed; the work was completed by the still-famous firm of Denny Bros. She was of composite construction—*i.e.*, she was built of wood on iron frames. Her tonnage was 921, length 212 ft., depth 21 ft. and beam 36 ft.; when fully rigged she measured nearly 146 ft. from the deck to the truck of the mainmast. But her most striking features were her beautiful proportions which, old as she is, still excite the admiration of all seamen.

Almost as famous as the ship was the figurehead of "Nannie," the beautiful witch in Burns's poem "Tam o' Shanter," lost in the Roaring forties near the end of *Cutty Sark's* days as a clipper. This figurehead was the work of the famous wood-carver, Hellyer, of Blackwall. The name "Cutty Sark" derived from the "short chemise" which Nannie wore.

The China tea trade, which the *Cutty Sark* entered, was the most aristocratic of the dwindling employment left to "sail." The London market set much store by the freshest leaf available, and the merchant whose cargo of the new season's crop first reached London was sure of a good price. The clipper ships in the trade annually raced each other home across the world, their masters aiming at the prestige of being the first to dock.

From the outset, the *Cutty Sark* was dogged by bad luck. On her third voyage from Shanghai she found herself pitted for the first time against the redoubtable *Thermopylæ*. There was every probability that *Cutty Sark* would have won the race had she not lost her rudder in a gale. For years she failed to make an outstandingly fast voyage; a clipper was not unlike a spirited horse, and the masters who successively commanded her in the tea trade seemed to lack that combination of iron nerve and sensitive skill necessary to get the best out of these marine thoroughbreds.

In 1877 the ship narrowly escaped disaster in the Downs where, with a large number of other vessels, she was sheltering from a gale. During the night the wind blew with a ferocity seldom encountered in this country, and, of the three-score ships in the Downs at dusk, only one rode to her anchors the following morning. Some were sunk by collision or overwhelmed by the monstrous seas; others were driven ashore. The *Cutty Sark's* cables both parted and she was twice in collision during that fearful night. A tugboat just saved her from going ashore on the Goodwins and, with the aid of a second tug, the ship was brought, battered but still sound, to an anchorage off Greenhithe—the place where she finally fetched up some sixty years later.

The next year the *Cutty Sark* failed to secure a tea cargo, and it was forced on "White Hat" that the steamer had put yet another spoke in the steering-wheel of "sail." Only one trade now remained open to the flyer under canvas—the Australian wool trade. Owing to the steamer's continued appetite for more coal than her bunkers could hold on a long run, the sailing-ship lingered on the long ocean route to the Antipodes long after bellying canvas had disappeared from most other sea-paths. Then, as now, the world's wool trade was centred in London, and the clip was auctioned during the first three months of the year. If a cargo failed to reach the Thames in time for the sales, the merchant would be faced with the cost of storage until the next auction fell due: so speed was nearly as essential, and races were as keenly contested, as formerly in the tea trade. With shortened masts and her large sail area reduced, the *Cutty Sark* sailed for Australia, beginning on an ill-omened Friday the worst voyage of her career.

THE "CUTTY SARK" AT GREENHITHE: The clipper in 1951 as she was about to leave her moorings for a survey. For some years she has been lying beside the *Worcester*, the Thames Nautical Training College, and cadets of the *Worcester* are seen in the foreground.

The ship carried a load of trouble aft in the form of a weak master and a brutal mate. On this voyage a Negro seaman was hurt, and the mate's lack of consideration for him caused a near-mutiny, averted only by the issue of arms to the officers and apprentices. In the melodramatic fashion of the times, the Negro and the mate settled the matter with bare fists, the master standing by with drawn revolver to see fair play. The Negro was thrashed and discipline was temporarily restored. Within a short time, however, trouble again broke out, and the Negro was so severely injured by the mate that he died three days later. On nearing land, the mate fled the ship; he was arrested two years later and received seven years penal servitude for manslaughter. In the meantime, the crew openly accused the captain of conniving at the mate's escape, and the poor man committed suicide by jumping over the side. The *Cutty Sark* was taken to Singapore to await a new master and mate.

Fuming at the end of the cable, Willis appointed another master and mate, and again he made a mistake, for the new master was a drunkard and the mate was as callous as his predecessor and was also fond of the bottle. Once again mutiny simmered beneath the surface, and the

WHERE THE STATELY CLIPPER WILL BE PRESERVED IN DRY-DOCK—A SYMBOL OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE TRADITION: This sketch shows the final position chosen for the *Cutty Sark* near the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and on a site promised by the London County Council. Last Monday, April 20, an appeal was launched for funds to meet the cost of moving the *Cutty Sark* from her present moorings at Greenhithe, installing her in the dry-dock, and ensuring her future preservation. The vessel will thus tower above a celebrated reach of the river, and within view of the shipping which constantly moves up and down the tideway of the world's busiest port.

THE "CUTTY SARK" IN HER GREENWICH DRY-DOCK—A VIEW FROM THE LANDWARD SIDE: This sketch shows the famous clipper as she will appear to visitors to Greenwich when she has been installed in her final position.

situation was not helped by the loss of a seaman overboard. Wholesale desertion was followed by cholera and a spell of idleness in a quarantine anchorage. The certificates of the master and mate were suspended; the crew were paid off; and the empty ship once more lay idle in port.

The infuriated owner now appointed a new master, and this time his choice was sound, for it brought a long-overdue change of luck to the ship. It was, however, under her next and last master, the famous Captain Woodget, that the *Cutty Sark* fulfilled the promise of her design. Woodget's courage and skill soon enhanced the reputation of both man and ship until they towered above the other captains and clippers. Magnificent seamanship saved the vessel when disaster threatened, but in storm or trade wind, immaculate after refit or jury-rigged after mishap, night and day, Woodget drove her.

A man of iron, he was the hardest-working member of the ship's complement, and no seaman thought of questioning his orders.

Time after time the *Cutty Sark* queened it over her old rival, the *Thermopylæ*, sometimes outpacing her and other crack wool clippers by as much as seven or eight days. Nearing Australia in 1889, she thumbed a nose to steam by overhauling the P. & O. mail steamer *Britannia*, reaching Sydney four hours ahead of her.

But the hated white clouds soon loomed much bigger than a man's hand on the last route left to the clippers, and in 1895 old "White Hat" sold the *Cutty Sark* to Portuguese interests. Captain Woodget, after ten years in command, was heartbroken and retired from the sea.

Meanwhile, the *Cutty Sark*, now renamed *Ferreira*, trudged the oceans for what she could pick up, a travesty of her former self. She was, however, still remembered, and her arrival in a British port invariably inspired something like a pilgrimage of ship-lovers. In 1921 she arrived in the Thames, rigged as a barquentine, drab and dirty, with a cargo of pitch pine; it was her last commercial voyage. Unable to make her pay, the owners ordered her to Portugal to be sold or broken up. But the elements conspired to save her, and a Channel gale sent her into Falmouth for shelter and repair. There she was seen by Captain Dowman, a retired sailing-ship master, who bought her and restored her to her former glory as a full-rigged skysail-yard ship, pensioning her off at moorings in Falmouth Harbour.

In 1938 the captain's widow presented the *Cutty Sark* to the Thames Nautical Training College at Greenhithe, on the Thames. Her tow round from the West Country was an event in shipping circles, and a venerated old age helping to train embryo Merchant Service officers was prophesied. But, useful as the ship has been to the College, she has proved an expensive luxury, and early in 1952 it seemed certain that the end of the ship at a breaker's yard drew near.

Nautical opinion was, however, deeply stirred at this threat, and later in the year the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society was formed with the object of preserving the ship as a symbol of Merchant Service tradition.

London River has seen it all: the burgeoning of the delicate clippers from the clumsy sea wains of old, and the sudden tragic blighting of their beauty by merciless steam. And past the *Cutty Sark's* final resting-place, on every tide, will go ships of a type undreamed of in her heyday; but her tall masts and lovely lines will link those seamen of to-day with ageless traditions of service reverenced in all ships, all seas.

(The address of the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society is Palmerston House, 51, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.)

Drawings by Courtesy of the London County Council

THE "CUTTY SARK" IN ALL HER TOWERING GRACE: This is an impression of the clipper as she will appear in her proposed dry-dock at Greenwich as seen from the river frontage. The *Cutty Sark* was built at Dumbarton in 1869, and began her remarkable career on the China tea trade, afterwards transferring to the Australia run and taking part in the wool races, in which she set up some very remarkable speed records.

TRAGEDY AT WYNDHAM'S; COMEDY AT THE VAUDEVILLE

Graham Greene's First Play; Val Guest's New Farcical Comedy

CONFLICTING BONDAGES: Eric Portman, Dorothy Tutin and John Robinson play a tense scene in the first act of Graham Greene's first play, *The Living Room*, at Wyndham's Theatre. The celebrated novelist and script-writer of the film *The Third Man* has now turned to the theatre, and his first play concerns the conflict of a young Catholic girl and her religious and human bondages. Rose Pemberton (Dorothy Tutin) falls in love with a married man (John Robinson). Her uncle (Eric Portman), a priest, forced to retire after a car accident in which he was crippled, finds at last an opportunity to use his religious training in saving the girl from her adulterous love-affair. But she is too young to cope with the strain put upon her, and ends her life in suicide. The action of the play is close-knit and gives Graham Greene the opportunity for incisive character-studies. *The Living Room*, like many of Greene's earlier writings, owes much to his Roman Catholic faith. Before the London production, it was seen in Stockholm and Rotterdam and in the provinces. West End performances were given for an Ex-Servicemen's and a Jewish charity, before the official first night.

MEETING A UNITED FRONT: The girl's lover is forbidden entry to her home by the priest and his two sisters. Left to right are Eric Portman, Violet Farebrother, Mary Jerrold and John Robinson. Father Browne and his spinster sisters have discovered the intrigue of their niece with her married guardian and have decided that the lovers must not meet again.

DOROTHY TUTIN: The twenty-two-year-old actress has had one of the most spectacular successes on the stage of recent years. She plays a highly emotional part in Graham Greene's first play. *On left*—**ERIC PORTMAN**, as the crippled priest, tries to save his young niece from an affaire with her guardian.

THE NON-SINGING, NON-DANCING STAR OF MUSICAL COMEDY: Val Guest's comedy, *Red-Headed Blonde*, at the Vaudeville Theatre, presents Yolande Donlan as the Hollywood star engaged for a London musical comedy who had stand-ins for her singing and dancing films. *On left*—The singing teacher gets to work—Lionel Blair, Anthony Oliver, Margot Lister and Yolande Donlan in a scene from the second act. *On right*—Naunton Wayne, as the author, feigns unconsciousness so that he may observe the star taking her secret dancing lessons. *Red-Headed Blonde* is an amiable and sometimes riotous comedy in which an American film-star, who has starred in a musical film, is engaged by a London management for a new musical comedy. Her agent has failed to inform her new employers that she could neither sing nor dance; the film company having supplied stand-ins for these duties. Yolande Donlan plays the unfortunate star and makes a sympathetic character of the young beauty queen. Her wise-cracking tongue conceals a heart of gold; and it requires sound advice of the young veterinary surgeon from the flat below to bolster up her waning self-confidence. There are many amusing incidents, notably when Naunton Wayne, as a very English Englishman, is confronted by Miss Donlan's sententious, red-headed blonde.

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES

The New Rector of St. Andrews University; Sir Bernard and Lady Docker at Cannes; General Ridgway and Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld

STUDENTS OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY, FIFE, WELCOME THEIR NEW RECTOR, THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES: Surrounded by a crowd of happy students, the Earl acknowledges the gift of a basket chair. This was one of the series of gifts including a cheese, a young tree, a basket of pigeons, a tomahawk, a clay pigeon and a hot-water bottle. *On right*—During a halt in the procession through St. Andrews the Earl pauses to light his pipe, while a student "Indian" keeps watch from the fountain above. The new Rector was received at St. Andrews by officials of the Students' Representative Council, one of whom read an illuminated address of welcome in Latin, to which the Earl replied in the same language. The Earl then joined the Council officials in an open carriage, which was dragged by students through the streets.

SIR BERNARD AND LADY DOCKER RETURN TO CANNES: The English millionaire and his wife are seen standing beside their celebrated Daimler, which has gold-plated fittings. *On left*—Sir Bernard and Lady Docker with their son Lance on board their 480-ton yacht *Shemara* at Cannes. In February Sir Bernard was fined £50 and ordered to pay 250 guineas costs for infringing currency regulations. The magistrate described the offence as "a trivial infringement of the regulations."

A GARLAND FOR THE GENERAL: Wearing a traditional "Volendams" costume, a Dutch girl puts a garland of daffodils on General Ridgway, the Supreme Commander, Allied Forces in Europe, during the General's visit to the "Flora 1953" flower show at Heemstede, in Holland. Mrs. Ridgway is seen in the centre.

THE NEW UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL PHOTOGRAPHED AT HIS DESK IN THE NEW YORK SECRETARIAT FOR THE FIRST TIME: Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, who has now succeeded Mr. Trygve Lie, caused something of a sensation on his first day in office by turning up for work at 8.15 a.m., long before any of his staff.

EVENTS IN BRITAIN

The Duke of Edinburgh at Devonport; the Australian Cricketers Arrive in England; the "Conway" Aground; Transforming the South Bank; the West Indian Federation Conference and Other Home News in Picture

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S SWORD TO N. G. REES, THE BEST ALL-ROUND CADET, DURING A VISIT TO THE CADET TRAINING CRUISER H.M.S. "DEVONSHIRE": A 21-gun salute greeted the Duke of Edinburgh when, wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, he arrived at Devonport Dockyard to present end-of-cruise prizes to the cadets on board H.M.S. *Devonshire*. Cadet Rees, who joined the Navy when he was thirteen, is from Ferryside, Carmarthenshire.

Addressing cadets of the training cruiser H.M.S. *Devonshire*, the Duke of Edinburgh exposed what, in his opinion, were three fallacies about the Royal Navy. "First," he said, "there is no such thing as a career for a naval officer. Service in the Navy is a privilege enjoyed by those who prove themselves capable of satisfactorily discharging the duties imposed upon them. Promotion is not a question of 'jobs for the boys'—it is a competition of service in the interests of the Navy and the country."

The second fallacy was that a good seaman was necessarily a good officer. The foundation of a naval officer's experience must be his seamanship, but the wider his knowledge and the broader his outlook the more easily and ably he would shoulder responsibilities.

"Why is it, do you suppose, that experienced people are chosen for responsible jobs? It is because in making decisions they are able to draw on this experience, which will prevent them making mistakes."

He referred to the third fallacy "with trepidation." "It is contained in the famous preamble to the Naval Discipline Act and reads: 'Whereon under the good providence of God the wealth, safety and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend . . .' That was certainly true at the time it was written. But the safety of this country, Commonwealth and Empire can only be accomplished by action at sea, on land and in the air.

"The division of responsibility for the safety of this country between the three Services is purely technical. The only effective action in defence or offence is the concerted action of the total defensive or war machinery of the country."

After the address, the principal prize-winners were presented to the Duke, who chatted and drank beer with them.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE F[IJI] AND INDI[AN] POLICE FORCES ARRIVE [IN] ENGLAND FOR THE CORONATION: On th[e] left is Inspect[or] Jioji Suguturaga, a men[ber] of the Fiji[an] police force, whose unifor[m] includes a [k]ilt skirt and multi-coloured [s]ocks, and on the right Sub-Inspect[or] Valli Mohome[d], an Indian, who is at pre[sent] serving in the Fijian police force. Ins[pec]tor Jioji Sug[u]turaga is to attend a [course] at Hende[r]son Police College, where he will be the first non-European to be trai[ned]. He will also march in the Coron[ation] procession.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET XI ARRIVE IN ENGLAND: Seen at a reception given at Australia House soon after the team's arrival are, from left to right—K. R. Miller; the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White; and the Australian captain, A. L. Hassett. A feature of this year's Australian team is the number of young players, among them batsman Ian Craig, who at seventeen is the youngest Australian cricketer to be selected.

ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL BATSMEN MEETS THE YOUNGEST AUSTRALIAN PLAYER: Seventy-one-year-old Jack Hobbs chats with batsman Ian Craig.

THE 114-YEAR-OLD WOODEN TRAINING-SHIP H.M.S. "CONWAY" AGROUND ON THE CAERNARVONSHIRE SHORE: This picture shows the Menai Suspension Bridge, where hundreds of people were watching to see the famous old ship pass on her way along the Menai Straits to Bangor, where she was to wait until summer before being taken to Birkenhead for a refit. Later, it was announced from Liverpool that H.M.S. *Conway* was a total loss.

The passage of the *Conway* through the Menai Straits was to have been something of a triumphant journey, since to take a vessel of this size through so narrow a channel has been described as "like taking a ship through the eye of a needle." Just as the *Conway* was about to get clear of the dangerous Swillies Channel she swung out of control. Her two tugs were unable to save the situation and the falling tide left the *Conway*, on an even keel, wedged on a shelf of rock and completely out of the water. The *Conway* was formerly H.M.S. *Nile*, a 92-gun ship of the line, which served in the naval campaign of the Crimean War.

TRANSFORMING THE SITE OF THE FESTIVAL EXHIBITION—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND NOW TAKING SHAPE ON THE SOUTH BANK: Among the features to be incorporated in London's newest open space is a children's playground, which is to be opened in mid-May. As well as the usual attractions of merry-go-rounds, swings and ready-marked hop-scotch pitches, the playground will contain some more unusual features. Among these will be a concrete igloo, with tunnels twisting through its 18-ft. diameter; a gaily-coloured, concrete-built climbing block, with jumping heights all the way to 6 ft., and a sand-pit with a model three-funnelled Atlantic liner.

WORKMEN PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS NEW LONDON TERMINAL AT WATERLOO: The new terminal, which is to be known as "Waterloo Air Station," is to open on May 19, when it will handle some 15,000 passengers a day—twice as many as the Kensington terminal's record, which was set up on August 9 last year. The terminal will have its own underground booking facilities and escalators linking it with the Northern, Bakerloo and City lines. During coronation time the Air Station will temporarily move to the White City Stadium to avoid any delay which might be caused by the congested traffic conditions expected in London.

On left—

MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, OPENING THE CONFERENCE ON THE WEST INDIAN FEDERATION IN LONDON: Mr. Lyttelton, welcoming the delegates, said that if as a result of the conference they were agreed that federation provided the means whereby the British West Indies could travel most hopefully and most speedily towards economic strength and ultimately responsible self-government, the British Government would readily accept that decision and do whatever they could to give successful effect to it. It was chiefly in the economic sphere that the advantages of federation would lie.

MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, WHERE HE HELD A PRESS CONFERENCE ABOUT HIS NEW CORONATION OPERA, "GLORIANA": "Gloriana" is the story of Elizabeth and Essex and will have its first performance before the Queen at a Covent Garden gala night on June 8. Mr. Britten has been working on the opera since last September. "I just had to drop everything else," he said, "including a shorter opera I promised to write for this year's Venice Festival. The style of 'Gloriana' is more direct than any of my previous works. I have tried to illustrate, operatically, the many sides of Elizabeth's character." Mr. Britten's librettist in the new opera is the South African poet and novelist William Plomer.

THE SEVENTEEN NEW QUEEN'S COUNSEL WHO WERE SWORN IN AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS LAST WEEK: The barristers are Elliot Marcet Gorst, Bruce Edgar Dutton Briant, Claude Henry Duveen, John Watt Senter, Fenton Atkinson, Reginald William Goff, Jack Messoud Eric Di Victor Nahum, John Patrick Graham, John Frederick Drabble, Lord Hailsham, Richard Haddow Forrest, Kenneth Robert Hope Johnston, Eustace Wentworth Roskill, John Megaw, Rudolph Lyons, Ingram Joseph Lindner, and Frederick Elwyn Jones. A Queen's Counsel, who, in fact, performs no service to the Crown, wears a silk gown, takes precedence over the junior or outer Bar, and always sits within the Bar of the court. A Queen's Counsel is not allowed, by the etiquette of the Bar, to appear alone in a case; he must have a junior barrister with him. The first of the rank was Francis Bacon, who was created Queen's Counsel by Elizabeth I.

INSTALLING THE NEW CHIEFS OF PERAK

The Sultan Presents to Four Rajas and Five Chiefs Their Swords of Authority at a Brilliant Ceremony at Kuala Kangsar

THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF PERAK AT KUALA KANGSAR, SCENE OF THE CEREMONIES OF INSTALLATION: Istana Iskarandia, as it is called, is the finest Palace in the Malayan Peninsula, and was built before the Second World War at a cost of over 1,000,000 Malayan dollars. It was there that the Sultan and his consort recently received the four Rajas and the five Chiefs of Perak, who were formally installed in office and paid homage to the Sultan at the ceremony known as Menjunjong Duli.

THE SULTAN OF PERAK AND HIS CONSORT ON THE THRON[E] FROM WHICH THEY PRESIDED AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE [R]AJAS AND THE CHIEFS OF PERAK: The Sultan, H.H. Pad[uka] Sri Sultan Sir Yussuf Izzuddin Shah ibni Almarhum Sultan [Ab]dul Jalil Radziaallah Hu-anHu, rules over the largest M[alay]an State. His consort is the Raja Perampuan (King W[oma]n).

THE DATCH MAHARAJA DEVA READS THE INSTALLATION PROCLAMATION IN THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN: He is standing over one of the four Rajas before the latter proceeded to the throne to pay homage.

HANDING OVER THE SWORD OF AUTHORITY: One of the Sultan of Perak's Chiefs is installed in office at the Palace ceremony.

Times have changed in Malaya since the Second World War and the Federation succeeded the Malayan Union in 1948, but much of the pomp and circumstance of Malayan aristocratic life remains, and in their several States the Sultans still retain more than a vestige of their old authority. That the outward trappings of magnificence have not been set aside is witnessed by the recent ceremonies at Istana Iskarandia, the Palace of the Sultan of Perak at Kuala Kangsar, in Northern Malaya. It was at a special ceremony known as the Menjuniong Duli that the Sultan received his subordinate Rajas and Chiefs, and they paid their homage to him before receiving their swords of authority. An eye-witness of the splendid ceremonial writes: "By 10.05 a.m. on the appointed day the guests had taken their seats, and at 10.25 a.m. their Highnesses the Sultan and Raja Perampuan (King Woman) of Perak, together with a retinue in beautifully colourful oriental silks and armed with swords in exquisitely decorated gold and ivory sheaths, arrived at the eastern entrance to the throne room.

"With a loud, clear resonant voice, like a mullah calling the 'faithful' to prayer, the Sultan's Private Secretary announced the commencement of 'Menjunjong Duli,' and amidst the skirl of oriental pipes and the sounding of State drums the Royal party advanced with slow regal pace and awe-inspiring majesty up the long hall to the throne.

"The Y.T.M. Raja Muda of Perak, Raja Idris ibni Almerhum Sultan Iskandar Shah, C.M.G., Sultan-designate, was first to be invited to the throne, and he left the eastern ante-chamber clad in magnificent yellow and gold robes. After performing the customary bows the young heir disarmed himself by placing his kris on the floor, hilt towards the throne, and advanced the 30 yards to the foot of the Royal dais, there to kneel publicly in homage to his ruler.

"The Sultan rose from his seat, pinned a 'Bungah Ketor' (gold pin) to the kneeling Raja's Tengkolok (headgear), and after sprinkling the 'Teping Tewar' (mixture of good wishes) over his shoulders, handed him the sword of authority. With both hands on his right breast, eyes fixed on the throne, with slow backward paces the initiated Raja moved to the eastern end of the room where, after more customary bows, he armed himself and adjourned to the ante-chamber, there to be veiled with a silk cloth, and conducted out of the Palace to a waiting car. An identical ceremony was performed for each of the remaining Rajas and Chiefs, who on completion, all left the Palace and in customary manner proceeded southwards, there to remain out of sight and hearing of the Royal palace for at least seven days. At noon the guests were summoned to a buffet tiffin, and on wending their way down the wide marble staircases found themselves in the great banquet hall. Two tables extended the length of the hall and at the third and shorter transverse table sat the Sultan and his Consort. Swift, silent servants helped the guests to fill their plates from the laden table, and before long a solemn ceremonial occasion of great traditional significance had been transformed into one of cheerful conviviality."

London Prepares for the Coronation

As Marked Progress is Made on the Erection of Stands and Decorations Along the Route, the First Contingents of Commonwealth Troops Arrive in Britain

A COMMONWEALTH GIFT TO THE QUEEN FOR USE AT HER CORONATION : The new armills, or bracelets, with which the Queen will be invested during the ceremony on June 2. They will replace the existing ones, which were made for the Coronation of Charles II in 1661. As the bracelets have not been used at all Coronations, Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, suggested that Her Majesty's Governments, together with the Government of Southern Rhodesia, should combine in presenting the Queen with a new pair, a proposal which has been welcomed by all these Governments. The new armills are being made by the Crown Jewellers, and will be of pure gold. They will be quite plain, except for two narrow decorative bands of engraving and a single Tudor Rose which will serve as a clasp. They will be lined with red velvet and hall-marked with a special Coronation mark. The armills signify the unity of the Queen with her peoples.

DECORATIONS BEGIN TO MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE IN THE WEST END : This painted pole, surmounted with a crown and adorned with swirling decorations, was erected in Oxford Street as a test shortly after Easter.

THE SCENE AT WESTMINSTER AS THE BIG STANDS OUTSIDE THE ABBEY REACH AN ADVANCED STATE OF CONSTRUCTION : Most of the stands seen in this picture are to have protective coverings, thus adding to the height of construction. In the foreground is the stand on the site of the new Colonial Office. The roof of the Annexe to the Abbey is now in position and the entrance is taking shape. In Parliament Square workmen are completing the stands which have been erected for representatives from the Commonwealth.

Above—**COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE TROOPS BEGIN TO ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY :** General Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, greets the Gurkha Regiment on arrival in England to take part in the Coronation procession. Sir John is seen as he spoke to W.O. II Tulbahador, V.C., who won the award in Burma.

On right—**WHERE THOUSANDS WILL WATCH THE NEWLY-CROWNED QUEEN AS SHE DRIVES BACK TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE :** Workmen are seen putting the final touches to the stands in Piccadilly in preparation for the afternoon procession on Coronation day.

The Sphere of Travel

Holidaymaking in Scotland and Ireland

WITH A SUITABLE BASE THE VISITOR CAN WANDER AT WILL, MAKING THE MOST OF THE SCENIC WONDERLAND AROUND HIM

IN the flood of holiday literature which now pours forth, it is not always easy for the individual to discern what is *his* particular "grain" and what the chaff. Quite a number of persons, for instance, do not want to stay in the ordinary kind of resort; others do not care to be constantly on the move from place to place, even though they like to discover for themselves new places and fresh scenes. To such people, then, a holiday taken at one or two centres is the answer. By having a suitable base, one can radiate at will into the surrounding countryside, possibly using the network of public transportation services which is normally to be found, yet at the same time not having to face the problem of continually seeking fresh hotel accommodation—no easy or satisfactory matter often during the height of the summer holiday season.

In the Lowlands of Scotland, Peebles and Galashiels suggest themselves as excellent bases from which to explore the Scott country and the Borders, with Hawick and Kelso also worth considering. All these towns are provided with satisfactory accommodation, especially Peebles, with its renowned Hydropathic.

This Border country is rich in ruined castles, and skeletons of far-off feuds and battles long ago—between the Scots and the English invaders. It is even wealthier in lovely abbeys, more so than any other part of Scotland—Jedburgh, Kelso, Melrose, where the heart of Robert Bruce lies buried, and Dryburgh, looped in a silver bend of the chiming Tweed, where sleep Sir Walter Scott and Earl Haig. Dominant, however, for many of us is the serene and gallant spirit of Sir Walter Scott. The Border saw his boyhood, it inspired his grandest work. It watched his success, his financial disaster through another's fault, and his ultimate triumph through Herculean labours and strength of spirit.

Many places here are rich in memories of him, but all are enshrined in one name, Tweed, that silver river which rippled past his home, where he fished with the devoted, cantankerous Tam Purdie, and where his footsteps ever strayed, in sickness and health, in sorrow or contentment. To some of us, indeed, the Tweed is the most magical river in all the world.

Just as in the eastern Lowlands the presiding genius is Sir Walter Scott, so the western side is imbued with the spirit of Robert Burns, whose birthplace, Ayr, is a suitable centre from which to explore part of the Burns country. (An additional attraction here for golfers is that in the neighbourhood are several famous courses, such as those at Troon, Prestwick and Turnberry.) But to obtain a full picture of the surroundings which made this great poet's life, Dumfries should also be visited, for it was in this small town that he spent the latter years of his life and where he died in 1796. For other reasons, too, Dumfries makes a good holiday centre, for it is within easy reach of Moffat, set in its lonely hills; Moniaive, surrounded with beautiful gardens; and the sparkling Solway Firth, bright with the sails of yachts.

I like also the little-known Galloway, with its widely varied coast, its broad moorlands, and its attractive little villages. Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright (home of several artists), and Newton Stewart are all good bases from which to explore a countryside swathed in history and romance, and which has exercised an extraordinary grip on the imaginations of great writers. It was here that R. L. Stevenson found the setting of that stirring romance, *The Master of Ballantrae*; Scott placed much of the action of *Redgauntlet* upon the Solway coast; but the brightest literary star of all is S. R. Crockett, who knew every inch of the countryside and in many romantic novels painted both its ruggedness and charm. I know of no more breathless story of the old smuggling days than this author's book *The Raiders*, with its vivid pictures of his wild but enchanting land.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME AT ABBOTSFORD: This is one of the showplaces of Scotland, and not to be missed by any visitor to the eastern Lowlands. Peebles and Galashiels are good centres from which to explore the Scott country.

THE PLADDA ISLAND AND LIGHTHOUSE, ISLE OF ARRAN, BUTE: Arran deserves to be better known among visitors from England. It has long been a happy hunting-ground of Glasgow folk, for it possesses many of the magical qualities of Skye and other islands of the west of Scotland.

For those who like to explore islands, let me commend Arran, popular with wise Glaswegians, but barely known to southerners who go in quest of the Scottish scene. Yet, it possesses many of the magical qualities that are attributed to Skye; hills and heather moors, sandy lagoons and crystal streams. On Arran, flowers bloom on all sides; broom blazes its living gold on the mountainside and moor; fuchsia bows its crimson at cottage doors. Unexpectedly, too, there are places where you will see tropical palms growing out of doors and sugar-pink and blue hydrangeas bloom; and nowhere have I seen rhododendrons in finer display. And everywhere there is the heather. Brodick, Lamlash and Whiting Bay (in that order of preference) are recommended centres, all offering good accommodation—but not luxury hotels.

I must not omit the Highlands in this necessarily brief survey, and here I choose, without hesitation, Fort William and Inverness, linked by the Great Glen which provides one of the finest scenic drives in Britain.

Fort William is a wonderful touring centre, as well as being situated itself in a spectacular environment. From it, you can explore the magnificent country to the south and to the west—a land of history, mountains, majestic lochs, and an island-studded coastline. Inverness, too, a queen among towns, is a most agreeable place in which to stay, and from it many places of beauty and interest can be easily visited, among them being Glen Affric and Culloden.

Across the Irish Sea in Eire, I must also be selective in my choice of centres, choosing, because I like them, Dingle, in Kerry, Glengariff, in Cork, and Galway, in Co. Galway.

Dingle is a typical Kerry village which, in the Middle Ages, did a thriving trade with Spain, and it still retains some old-world airs. The languorous eyes, dark eyebrows, sallow skins and ruby lips of many of the local maidens are Spanish characteristics which have come down from crews who settled there. But Dingle has other attractions, for the small peninsula on which it is situated is both interesting and picturesque. Here you can still find unique examples of prehistoric and early Christian remains and a wealth of Gaelic traditions which still survive in this romantic region.

From Dunquin, some miles west of Dingle, you can take an occasional boat across to the Great Blasket, an island that now only possesses a handful of inhabitants, blessed with neither rents, rates nor taxes. On a visit there, about four years ago, I found that the people still discuss the advent of the Spanish Armada as though it had happened recently. Many of the ships of this great fleet were wrecked off the near-by west coast.

Not far from Dunquin is Sybil Head, a place much favoured by Synge. "One comes out suddenly on the brow of a cliff," he wrote, "with a straight fall of many hundred feet into the sea. It is a place of indescribable grandeur. . . ." Then, north of Dingle is Brandon, perhaps the finest mountain in Ireland, but also a very wet spot.

When you come to Glengariff, which lies on Bantry Bay, you will at once be reminded of the Mediterranean: the intense blue waters, the semi-tropical vegetation. Yet lofty mountains, irregular and wild, surround it. It was this part of Ireland to which Thackeray referred when he said that if Bantry Bay was on the Mediterranean British visitors would flock there. In the bay is Inacullen, or Garnish Island, once a rocky waste, converted into a wonderful Italian garden adorned with hundreds of plants and shrubs. In fact, I regard Glengariff as being a rather "lazy" centre, for although you can make many interesting excursions from it, the appeal is rather more to a *dolce far niente* existence, especially as there are several good hotels.

Lastly, in Eire, I bring you to Galway, the drowsiest, most magical, most Irish of towns. Almost every step brings something of interest, not least the elfish statue of Padraic O'Conaire, a lovable story-teller. Then this town serves as a gateway to the coastal counties of Galway, Clare and Mayo, all offering stretches of amazingly wild and rugged coast. On every side there is the beauty of untamed nature, while anglers need not be told that this is for them a veritable paradise. There is also the thirty-mile trip across the ocean to the Aran Islands, by steamer service, where you find yourself almost in another world—but a most fascinating one. Good accommodation is available on the islands, and the climate is so mild that semi-tropical plants flourish there. Galway City is, indeed, a wonderful holiday centre.

In Northern Ireland, I pick on Newcastle, in Co. Down, and Cushendall, in Co. Antrim, as two desirable centres. With the former, near the foot of Slieve Donard, "where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea," you have the amenities of a modern seaside town, a famous golf course, and an entrancing inland background of mountain, heath and woodland. But if you would explore the Mournes, you must do so on foot, for there is only one road running through them, for which most mountain-walkers will be thankful.

Cushendall, a pretty little town which lies on the Antrim Coast road, one of the finest and most spectacular coastal drives in the world, offers many opportunities for excursions: into the famous Antrim glens, with their waterfalls; to Fair Head, where the cliffs rise 600 ft. above the sea; and to that great natural wonder, the Giant's Causeway, for which I would wish you a rough day for your visit, when it is most impressive, as the foaming sea hurls itself savagely against the strange columns in this windswept outpost of Europe which was for centuries the lip of the world.

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE: To explore the Mournes the holidaymaker must go on foot, for there is only one road running through them—a circumstance for which some travellers can be devoutly thankful.

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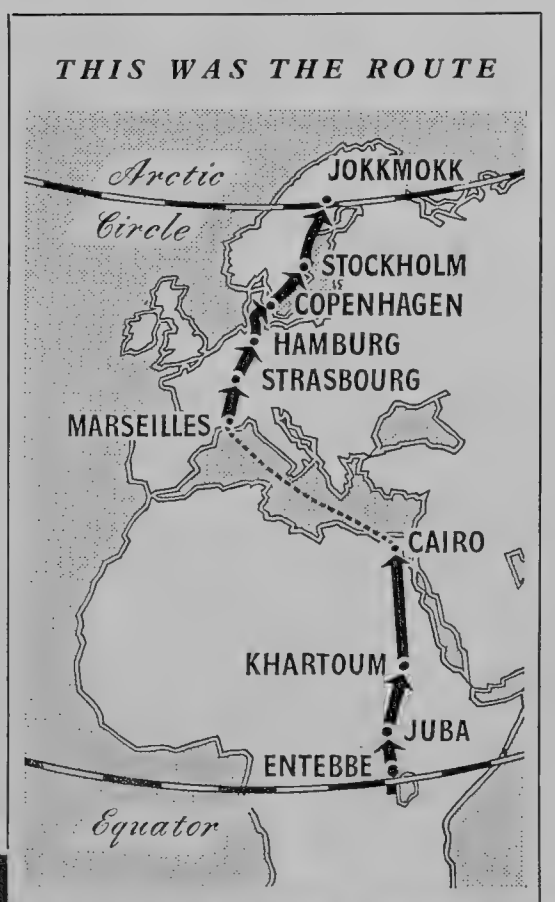

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THE FABULOUS LORD OF ST. SIMEON

The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst

WHEN William Randolph Hearst died about eighteen months ago the obituaries reflected the almost violent divergences of opinion there had been about his career. His own newspapers, for instance, hailed his life and work with not unnatural praise, while other American papers were restrained to the point of ambiguity, and it was left to the *Manchester Guardian* to assert: "William Randolph Hearst is dead, and it is hard even now to think of him with charity. Perhaps no man ever did so much to debase the standards of journalism."

In an admirable biography which is still, one feels, not quite full enough but yet the best so far, Mr. John Tebbel writes about this fabulous figure with a zest and an energy that match his subject's, and with an eye to good new anecdotes that only the most hidebound reader will fail to appreciate. Probably the greatest diversion that Hearst knew was acquisition, and acquisition on a vast scale, from castles to medieval silver. He would often uncrate the smaller pieces himself, and guests who came to whichever residence it was at the time were quite likely to be served out with hatchets and invited to take part in a hacking bee. He loved motion pictures, would see one every night in one of his private theatres, and invested millions of dollars in Hollywood. Someone asked him whether there was any money in that business, only to be answered: "There are several millions of mine." The phrase "yellow journalism" was coined for his papers fifty years ago, and many of the same papers survive. Altogether THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST (Gollancz. 16s.) is full of good things, amusing, often penetrating and seldom abstruse, about this Lord of St. Simeon, a creature as fabulous, whichever way you look at him, as anything in a child's book of legends.

FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL TOOK THIS PHOTOGRAPH: It shows British and French prisoners at St. Valery, where the 51st Highland Division surrendered in 1940, and reference to it is made in the book *The Rommel Papers*, just published by Collins and reviewed on this page. The special interest attaching to the picture is the figure half-seen on the left of the group. He is none other than Commander R. F. Elkins (now Rear-Admiral Elkins, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff), who, four days after his surrender, escaped, reaching England a fortnight later. Rommel reported on that occasion that Commander Elkins harangued many of the British troops on the mole at St. Valery, exhorting them not to surrender. Later, the Germans turned a machine-gun on him, but failed to hit the Commander.

Less fabulous, perhaps, but still concerned with newspapers, is Mr. Tom Driberg, M.P., who has collected some entries from his "personal diary" (one wonders what the impersonal kind would be like) over a recent period of eighteen months, during which time he was married, fought in a General Election, visited the Suez Canal Zone and argued on the radio with Mr. Randolph Churchill. The stories contained in THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS (Phœnix. 15s.) are often excellent, the observations often earnest, and the dissertations on the author's interests in architecture, religion, poetry and wine often lively. Of the little irrelevant stories Mr. Driberg includes, I liked the one about the five-year-old American boy to whom the news was broken that his dear old grandpa was dead. His only reaction was: "Who shot him?" And of the Parliamentary tales, an excellent Lewis Carrollism by a Member discussing the transport of food. "In this matter," he pronounced, "the cow and the codling go hand-in-hand."

POLITICS IN THE AGE OF PEEL (Longmans. 45s.) is a volume that might appeal to Mr. Driberg, it occurs to me, for this study in the technique of Parliamentary representation from 1830 to 1850 shows the slow change-over from aristocratic to democratic government. Mr. Norman Gash writes with the weight of scholarly research behind him, and the authority of an intellectual rather than a popular style. Quoting the old saying that politics is the art of the possible, he writes of Peel, and of Palmerston, as the only really successful exponents of the Parliamentary system as it existed between the first and second Reform Acts. "Both were strong personalities; both conservative; both of national rather than party stature; both great House of Commons men." As always, it is amusing to think of present-day analogies.

Now for three books concerned with Germany, its Army, its General Staff and its generals; three volumes weighty in more than matter and adding to the sizeable flow of information about our ex-enemies, which seems to go on and on, in sharp distinction from the flow of books about Allied or even just British generals and General Staff. First of all, then, THE ROMMEL PAPERS (Collins. 25s.), the main part of which deal with the North African campaign, but also cover the collapse of France in 1940, and the situation in Italy in 1943 when the problem was to prevent Italy changing sides. Captain Liddell Hart has edited the papers, which are often illustrated with Rommel's own photographs, and in his introduction writes of Rommel's "tremendous courage," "his extraordinary energy and his military genius." He was also, Captain Liddell Hart says elsewhere, a born writer as well as a born fighter. After this pæan of praise, perhaps it is unmannerly to point out that we did beat Rommel.

THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF (Hollis and Carter. 30s.) has a considerably less ecstatic preface and an extremely interesting one by Mr. Cyril Falls, who writes, with his familiar ability of getting straight to the point, that "To all but Germans, and to a good many Germans, there is a suggestion of the pit, a faint smell of burning, about the words which give this book its title. . . . Let me say at once that much exaggeration and some pure fantasy enter into the common conception of this organisation. The reasons why the German General Staff is looked upon as particularly sinister are, I think, partly that first Prussia and then Germany have a long record of aggression. . . ." His further reasons are as simply and as strongly stated, so that one may read with respect his opinion that Herr Walter Gorlitz has produced a book of great interest and value. The translation from the original German has been made by Mr. Brian Battershaw.

SWORD AND SWASTIKA (Gollancz. 21s.) is a study of the Wehrmacht in the Third Reich and has been written by the American Brig.-General Telford Taylor, who was chief of counsel for the prosecution of war criminals at Nuremberg, and before that as an officer in the Military Intelligence of the U.S. Army, had opportunities of studying the German military machine. General Taylor writes of the alliance of the German military leaders and the Nazi leaders, and of their clashes, and has something to say of what he terms "an extraordinary and exotic warrior caste."

From Nazis and generals to Englishmen and mutineers. Mr. C. S. Wilkinson has a delightful theory that Christian Fletcher, who mutinied on Captain Bligh's *Bounty*, returned to England from Pitcairn Island, told Wordsworth his story, and that Wordsworth passed the story on to his friend Coleridge, who based *The Ancient Mariner* on it. To set the scene for the proof and argument, Mr. Wilkinson retells the tale of the mutiny and its aftermath, and writes in considerable detail of contemporary rumours and accounts. He appends not only the poem of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*, but extracts from Mary Russell Mitford's *Christina* and Byron's *The Island*. An entertaining book, whatever the facts of this long-ago, still-enthralling adventure.

During the German occupation of France, M. Henri Fluchère gave a series of lectures at the University of Aix-en-Provence and these have now been arranged in book form, as a study of SHAKESPEARE (Longmans. 25s.). In his foreword, Mr. T. S. Eliot writes of the author's first modest intention of introducing students to the development of Shakespeare criticism in England during the previous twenty-five years. As a scholar and a critic himself, M. Fluchère is well able to do this against a background of profound knowledge of the plays themselves, for this is primarily a book on Shakespeare's works, and not on the man himself, even as interpreted through those works. Mr. Guy Hamilton is responsible for the translation.

MEN IN THE SHADOWS (Hutchinson. 15s.) the story, told by the Crime Correspondent of a great daily paper, of Scotland Yard's secret agents, the way in which they are selected—"hand-picked" the expression Mr. Stanley Firmin uses—and the work they have done and are doing to break up gangs and get clues and vital information.

LUCREZIA BORGIA (Cassell. 21s.), *by Joan Haslip, a study of the Duchess of Ferrara during her first twenty-five years. There are eight half-tone illustrations.*

For circus enthusiasts there is **THE BIG TOP** (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), **My Forty Years With the Greatest Show on Earth**, *by Fred Bradna, as told to Hartzell Spence. This book, dedicated to Circus People, Friends and Circus Fans, is amply illustrated.*

OUR UNDEVELOPED WORLD (Faber. 18s.), *by L. Dudley Stamp, is based on a series of six lectures delivered by the author to an American audience as Pattern Foundation Visiting Professor at Indiana University.*

In **EVERYONE'S BOOK ABOUT THE ENGLISH CHURCH** (Faber. 12s. 6d.), *F. C. Happold tells in a "popular" way the history of the English Church and how it is governed and administered. He discusses the Furniture of a church and the Vestments and Dress of the Ministers: the Bible: the Making and Contents of the Prayer Book and the Story of the Hymn Book.*

In his latest book, **A PORTRAIT OF CANTERBURY** (Hutchinson. 15s.), *Richard Church has adopted the method of a portrait-painter in oils and tells the story of the city from a new point of view. The pictures are reproduced from photographs by Douglas Weaver.*

MOTOR YACHT AND BOAT DESIGN (Adlard Coles. 30s.), *by Douglas Phillips-Birt, with 60 drawings and plans and 42 plates, should be welcomed by designers, builders and yachtsmen throughout the world.*

ALAIN-FOURNIER

A Remarkable Biography of an Author Who Gave the World a Single Masterpiece

The dreams of Alain-Fournier were at all times larger than life, and he never learned to accept a compromise, this young Frenchman with the romantic heart whose one and only novel, *Le Grand Meaulnes*, is founded upon a hopeless passion of his youth and an unceasing quest for true happiness. Robert Gibson, in THE QUEST OF ALAIN-FOURNIER (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.), has had access to a great deal of highly important, hitherto unpublished background material, and he presents a portrait of the author during the days of his day-dreaming youth in La Chapelle d'Angillon and Epineuil le Fleuriel, those two well-loved townships of the Cher that is almost photographic in its clear-cut presentation. It is well that this is so, for all through his brief life, until his mysterious disappearance in action in the First World War at the age of twenty-eight, Alain-Fournier always looked back on his youth with an almost poignant sense of regret. The Fourniers lived in a little world that was very much their own, and when Alain-Fournier emerged into the larger world, as a student at Bourges, in Paris and at Brest, and as a conscript in the Army, it was as a young man loth to let the past go by. Mr. Gibson's sensitive portrait will be read with the greatest interest by all those who know *Le Grand Meaulnes*, which he shows to have been the most autobiographical of novels, not the dream fantasy it has often been held to be. Mr. Gibson has examined both the legend of the man and his now-legendary book, showing they are both inseparably linked. Alain-Fournier never found the happiness he sought, probably because it was not of this world. He met his end on September 22, 1914, when his company was caught in the German hail of fire during a reconnaissance north-east of Vaux les Palameix. His body was never recovered, and perhaps his best epitaph is in his own words spoken to his friend Riviere: "If I have been childish, if I have been feeble, if I have been complacent, if I have been stupid, if I have been mawkish, may I still be forgiven for having had the strength, in the midst of squalor to fashion my life at times like a wonderful story."

Had the panic of 1907 in the American stock market not occurred, the history of the Klondike would have been changed, for the man who sought to consolidate the haphazard claims of the miners in one vast undertaking lost the assistance of the financiers who had expressed willingness to see his plans through to fruition. The would-be consolidator was Arthur Newton Christian Treadgold, "Treader" to his friends, who had the same vision in America's north-west as Rhodes had among the diamond claims of Kimberley. Rhodes's plans for unification succeeded, but Treadgold was thwarted, and when he died in March 1951 he was still deep in useless litigation. In LOST TRAIL (Faber and Faber. 18s.), Francis Cunynghame, who worked with Treadgold for forty-three years, tells the story of this extraordinary man who was robbed of the fruits of his vision and hard work. Cunynghame's account of Dawson City during the Trail of '98 makes first-class reading, showing, as it does, exactly how men lived in those hectic days of swift money-making and no less swift spending. There was a stampede of women as well as men to Dawson. Some had a history before they came and some not, but all had a history after their arrival. This is at once a racy and a well-documented book, and it constitutes a vital chapter in the history of the New World—a chapter which, after the lapse of over half a century, seems to be coming into some sort of perspective.

Another adventure story among the new books is Colonel W. F. Stirling's SAFETY LAST (Hollis and Carter. 18s.). Few men have had so full a life. His entry into Damascus with Lawrence (not before they had both been taken prisoner by their own side), his drafting of the Albanian Constitution, his work as Acting-Governor of Sinai, or as technical adviser in the filming of *The Four Feathers*, are all highlights in a varied career, and as Siegfried Sassoon has said, he exemplifies what an intrepid and energetic Briton is capable of when he sets about it.

In theory Finland is a very unfortunate country. Climatically, historically, and economically she has had a rough passage through the years, but the Finns have kept their language and their traditions intact during centuries of struggle, and now, eight years after a disastrous war, they stand on their own feet, their war debts paid and their economy rehabilitated. This is, therefore, an appropriate moment for a survey of Finland and for a study of this land of paradox, and in GREEN GOLD AND GRANITE (Max Parrish. 17s. 6d.) Wendy Hall has written an admirable background volume. The granite stands for the Finnish character, of which she is a great admirer, and the green gold for Finland's forest wealth.

Henry Chapin is an historian and anthropologist and Dr. Walton Smith is one of the world's foremost oceanographers. Together they have collaborated in a remarkable volume on the Gulf Stream which they call THE OCEAN RIVER (Victor Gollancz. 16s.). A wealth of scientific information is made palatable by some very lucid writing while history, myth and legend all play their part.

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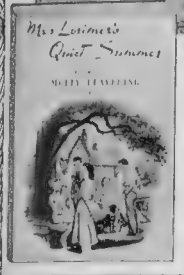

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

SUCH is the patience exercised by fishermen, so immune are they to weather conditions and so regardless of time, that in the so-called "good old days" Mine Host could all but get away with murder! Those days are, for the most part, a thing of the past. Good fishing is now allied to good catering and comfort, so the sportsman makes sure of his inn, even though he can never be sure of his fish.

At this time of the year, I receive quite a number of inquiries from readers concerning fishing quarters, so I have been compiling a list of inns and hotels catering specially for fishermen and which I can recommend from personal experience. This list is by no means complete, but it covers a number of favourite fishing haunts.

At Winkton, near Christchurch, on the Hampshire Avon, there are two homely hotels—*Winkton Lodge Hotel* and *Plaish House Hotel*—where, with the river always in sight, fishing comes first into the holiday picture. In the village of Castle Combe, Wiltshire, is *The Manor House and Country Club*, with first-class trout fishing only 200 yards from one's bedroom window. Just outside Honiton, in South Devon, *The Deer Park Hotel* offers three miles of excellent trout fishing on the Otter. Then in mid-Devon there is a good trio from which to choose; at Hatherleigh, *The George*, a famous fifteenth-century inn which has five beats on the Torridge and Lew offering salmon, sea and brown trout; at Lifton, *The Arundell Arms*, which has about fourteen miles of hotel waters and a resident instructor in fly-fishing, and at Milton Damerel, *Woodford Bridge Hotel*, providing four miles of fishing on the Torridge.

Somerset is a fishing, as well as a hunting, paradise. In this county I name as comfortable quarters with good fishing *The Royal Oak* at Withypool, offering first-rate trout and salmon as part of the inclusive terms, and *Tarr Steps*, near Dulverton, a country house hotel with three miles of fishing on the Barle (both banks reserved for residents).

In the Cotswolds, *The Lamb* at Burford provides two miles of private trout fishing, while *The Swan* at Bibury reserves two stretches of the Coln for its guests.

In Herefordshire, *The Royal* at Symonds Yat is famed for its six-mile stretch of salmon fishing on the Wye, and for the not-too-serious fishermen, who may be interested in other holiday pursuits as well, *Pengethley Hotel*, St. Owen's Cross, near Ross, makes a comfortable and congenial base.

Wales, Scotland and Ireland I must leave over for some other time. However, in case I have unintentionally whetted the appetite of some Service, business or professional man who has dreams of retirement in an "olde worlde" inn, with a nice stretch of water and a raftered bar in which to swop piscatorial yarns, I must point out that nowadays, in addition to a knowledge of catching his fish, the innkeeper must also know how to cook it . . . and that, in turn, usually means hooking the right kind of wife!

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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